THE LIVING AGE

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AROUND THE WORLD

Britain and the League

SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S speech at Geneva, in which he refused to commit England either to compulsory arbitration or to guaranteeing present frontiers, revealed the state of mind of modern England like a book. His disclosures concerning future British policy, however, surprised nobody, even though the *Outlook* did feel itself called upon to deliver this thundering judgment: 'If there are any guaranties going; we propose at a pinch to guarantee ourselves first, our Empire second, and Europe third; and this seems to our plain minds at once a more natural and a more effective arrangement than the alternative proposed for us, of guaranteeing Europe first, the Empire second, and England not at all.' It is much more significant that both the Liberal *Nation and Athenæum* and the Radical *New Statesman* lent their voices to the chorus of approbation. 'He discharged,' says the *Nation and Athenæum*, 'a public duty, and expressed — let there be no illusions on this point — the settled mind of the Empire as a whole.' These words offer a curious contrast to a recent statement in the same journal, reprinted in Discretion and Indiscretion, announcing that foreigners could have no idea how 'frivolous' were the acts of the present Government.

The *New Statesman*, having, only a little over a year ago, come out in favor of hanging Sir Austen Chamberlain's colleague, Mr. Churchill, says: 'The British Foreign Secretary had to say something that was both important and unpopular, and he had to make his meaning plain. And if the manner of his argument was not perfect, its substance — at least on the main point to which he was addressing himself, the Protocol — was sound.' The same paper goes on to define the Protocol as 'a will-o'-the-wisp pursued by a singular alliance of idealists seeking nothing but peace and of realists concerned chiefly to consolidate doubtful territorial gains.' As a horrid warning to the Labor Party, Great Britain is depicted as fighting nice old Mother Russia in behalf of Rumania or Poland, or both.

But the most significant statement of all appeared in the Conservative *Saturday Review*, which announced

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that Sir Austen's mistake was that 'he couched his speech in the form of an apologia, when none was needed. His statement ended on a negative note which conveyed the entirely erroneous impression that Britain was not prepared to make any sacrifices or share in any risks for the furtherance of the League's work for the prevention of war; and thus gave rise to the Continental gibe that Britain was about to withdraw into an isolation the reverse of splendid. By placing himself unwittingly in the dock at Geneva, Sir Austen gave Britain's Continental critics the opportunity to pass judgment on him as the villain of the piece, while the representatives of governments which have done far less than the British Government for the cause of international peace and security succeeded in obtaining the plaudits of the public galleries.'

The present British Government has often been reproached, both at home and abroad, as the champion of reaction, whereas other critics have detected a sudden collapse of morale in post-war Britain. Since most parties agree that Sir Austen's manner was just as apologetic as his demands were sweeping, we find these two traits — assurance and humility — paradoxically combined.

The *Manchester Guardian* and the *Westminster Gazette*, both Liberal organs, took the Foreign Secretary to task for his attitude at Geneva, and the Laborite *Daily Herald* printed a communication from Ramsay MacDonald that was generally recognized as the strongest answer to Sir Austen's claims. To the Foreign Secretary's declaration that acceptance of the Protocol would 'disrupt the British Empire,' Mr. MacDonald replied that the attitude of the Dominions must first be ascertained, and he suggested summoning an Imperial Conference for the purpose. Even the *Westminster Gazette* feels that Mr. MacDonald goes a little too far, and says: 'The proper attitude to the League of all ministers who attend it, and especially of the British Minister, is that they will do their utmost to persuade their own governments and the governments in contact with them to fall in with the general interest, and even to accept unpalatable conclusions if they are necessary to peace. Beyond this no one is asked to go, and to leap forward to possible and hypothetical occasions of conflict is both gratuitous and inexpedient.' In another editorial, entitled 'The Chamberlain Cul-de-sac,' the same paper remarked: 'The moment is ripe for the introduction of a larger note into the discussion of the vexed question of "security and disarmament." Here Sir Austen was most disappointing, and here the forthcoming crusade of Lord Cecil to educate public opinion in disarmament as a positive policy is most timely. It was absurd, as a simple matter of fact, for Sir Austen to boast of British progress in disarmament since the war, when, after all allowances for the diminished value of money, we are paying more for naval and military insurance than before the war. It was more than absurd — indeed, reactionary — for Sir Austen to preach the peril of the British Empire unless we hold our present "security" by armaments. Apart from the economic necessity for disarmament, a policy of reduction is required among all the big Powers if they are to convince the little Powers that they are preparing themselves to put all their resources for the preservation of peace and civilization into the machinery represented at Geneva. To some extent, of course, disarmament and security must run on parallel lines. But the Chamberlain way is to make disarmament wait on "security" as the Admiralty and the War Office see it; whereas what enlightened statesman-

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ship should seek is a progressive disarmament which will bring security with it through the good faith and good will of nations, backed by the sanctions of the League firmly and widely accepted. The Cecil rather than the Chamberlain way is the right path for this country.' The *Manchester Guardian* is chiefly alarmed because of the 'suspicion, not to say hostility,' with which Britain is regarded at Geneva. It commends Sir Austen's attitude toward the Protocol, finds nothing to criticize in his manner, but brings forward this reproach: 'Many of those who most heartily approve of Sir Austen Chamberlain's outspokenness about the Geneva Protocol most heartily deplore his inability to move in any other direction at all. On disarmament he spoke lamely. We have done nothing there, corresponding to Locarno, to witness to our faith in the League. France, on land, and the United States, at sea, are, no doubt, equally culpable. Nevertheless the Coolidge Conference could have succeeded had we not thought it necessary to compete against America. On arbitration our record is even worse, for we have deliberately rejected offers of arbitral treaties with, for example, such a country as Switzerland, with whom war is as unthinkable as it is with America, and have repeatedly expressed through the mouth of Sir Austen Chamberlain himself our determination to reserve the ultimate right of war as a legitimate means of enforcing our will against others. We will not even make the extremely modest beginning of accepting the League's Court for the compulsory settlement of such questions of law and fact as a court of international lawyers is preeminently fitted to determine. Is it on the whole surprising that we are accused of stonewalling the League? Or that Locarno is sometimes forgotten? Or that other nations find it hard to believe implicitly in the sincerity of our pacific professions when we so carefully preserve not only the instruments of war but the right to use them? No, if Sir Austen Chamberlain has faults of manner or address, it is not they which have diminished the esteem in which Great Britain is held at Geneva. The root of the trouble lies deeper — in the content of his policy, not in the mode of its presentation.' All that the Conservative *Outlook* has to say in reply to these objections is that 'the regrets of the *Westminster Gazette* are perfunctory, the objections of the *Manchester Guardian* are pernickety.' As usual, the *Morning Post* bore off the palm, coolly remarking that 'the proposal against which Sir Austen Chamberlain has made a stand is characteristic of Geneva: it is to enforce universal peace by a pledge to make universal war.'

Across the Channel

Pertinax, writing in the Clerical-Conservative *Écho de Paris*, found Briand's speech to the League poor stuff compared with those delivered by Stresemann and Chamberlain, and announced in large headlines that England and Germany have a policy, whereas France has none. 'M. Stresemann and Sir Austen Chamberlain read carefully prepared documents or reviews prepared by their colleagues. M. Briand, as usual, burst into irrelevant song.'

'Where will this policy lead?' asks Pertinax, and replies: 'It will continue as long as we have anything left to give to Germany. On the day when our last soldier shall have evacuated the Rhineland, what will become of it? The reply is doubtful to say the least, and in the meanwhile M. Briand will have perhaps fatally ruined the Genevan establishment, to which he proclaims himself so deeply attached, and, what

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is more important still, he will have lost much that is precious.'

For the most part, however, the harmless proceedings at Geneva have excited Paris much less than the *Affaire Rakowsky*, which *Le Figaro*, *L'Écho de Paris*, and the *Journal des Débats* take with deep seriousness. Since Rakovskii merely signed one of those absurd Communist manifestoes calling upon the soldiers of all capitalist states to rebel, the industrious M. Coty, owner of the *Figaro*, delved into the matter further, and discovered that in 1926 a Warsaw dispatch announced that this villainous Russian was calling upon the Germans in Alsace-Lorraine not to abandon hope of recovering those provinces. The fact that even the French Government attached the least importance to these insignificant sensations shows how strained its relations with Russia are, and lends further color to Paul Scheffer's assertion in this issue that France and England are working hand in glove. *Humanité* takes the same ground, proclaiming that the Rakovskii affair is part of Sir Henry Deterding's effort to involve Soviet Russia in a war. *Pravda* explained that the French Government knew that the Russian Ambassador, as a member of the Third International, might be expected to burst out as he did at any moment, and offered the following comment: 'The anti-Soviet campaign is backed by certain French capitalist groups. The Right Wing of the bourgeoisie, realizing that its parliamentary position is precarious, is recalling the victory won by the Conservative English Government during the 1924 elections by means of the Zinoviev forgery. It also wants to make use of the Red bogey man in the next elections. The anti-Soviet campaign in France, as in all other capitalist countries, has been identified with the general struggle to repress the Communist movement. This campaign is growing more intense all the time, and has increased in France especially since the Sacco-Vanzetti manifestations.'

Germany and the Baltic

Stresemann alone of the three great leaders at Geneva went home with flying colors. The *Saturday Review* remarks: 'Herr Stresemann is the most fortunate of men. Each time he leaves Geneva, he leaves with enhanced prestige. Many of his compatriots would prefer him to bring home some promise for the evacuation, or partial evacuation, of the Rhineland, but time may prove that his reputation as a statesman is more valuable to his country than could be any material alleviations of the burden of the Versailles Treaty. There seems to be no doubt that we are approaching a breakdown of the Dawes Plan, when it will prove impossible to convert Germany's payments into relief for the ex-Allied taxpayer. M. Poincaré and his followers will doubtless try to make the occasion one for assuring the prolongation of the Rhineland occupation. If Herr Stresemann is still in office, his reputation for good will and honesty will enable him to bring Germany through the crisis without any heads being broken.'

The unfortunate 'midget state' of Lithuania, as the German press calls it, has had a hard time of it between two powerful neighbors. Poland has already appropriated Vilno, and Germany's claims to Memel were strengthened by the recent elections, in which the German parties received the majority they expected. Just before the elections three German citizens occupying editorial posts in Memel were ejected by the authorities. Negotiations for a trade treaty have come to a standstill, and the Germans are now demanding that the police in the Memel territory

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be recruited from among their ranks instead of from among the minority groups of the Lithuanians.

Latvia has thrown the entire Eastern Coast of the Baltic into a state of trepidation as a result of its negotiations with Russia. The proposed commercial treaty between the two countries was concealed as long as possible from friendly Esthonian officials and from the general public. Now that it has been revealed, the bourgeois party claims that the Social Democrats, who are running the country, have paved the way for Latvia's incorporation into the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics as a federal state. Other interests assert that the treaty will at least flood the Latvian market with Russian goods. Finland has joined Esthonia in protesting against Latvia's behavior; while the Russian press, ever suspicious of a Baltic league, now supports the plan for a smaller Baltic union along the lines proposed by M. Cielens, the Latvian Foreign Minister. The Social Democrats still maintain that the treaty with Russia will bring business to many idle factories.

Yugoslav Elections

Everything considered, the recent elections in Yugoslavia proved a tremendous success, especially judged by Balkan standards. The Radicals, with one hundred and twenty representatives, are nearly twice as strong as the next most numerous party, the Social Democrats, with sixty-one members. Radič's Croat Peasant Party ran a close third with sixty successful candidates, and a combination of one hundred and ninety Radicals, Democrats, and Bosnian Moslems will support the Government, the total number of deputies being three hundred and fifteen.

The London *Times* has been running a series of articles on Bulgaria by 'a correspondent lately in the Near East.' He first explains that Communism never had a show in a country so devoid of industrialism. Since the war and the ensuing partition of the land among a host of small peasant proprietors, the only real proletarians are refugees from Macedonia and the Dobrogea. The Macedonians, to be sure, can make no end of trouble, for most of the twenty thousand soldiers in the army are recruited from their ranks, since no one else will enlist for twelve years. The result is that the komitadji can do pretty much as they please, secure in the knowledge that their blood brothers will not fire upon them in case of civil war. The *Times* correspondent puts it this way: 'One has an impression that the militant movement is losing ground, not only in Macedonia, but in Bulgaria. There is no decrease of sympathy for Macedonian aspirations, and the strong Macedonian element in Bulgaria is numerically stronger than ever. Besides the refugees of recent origin, of whom there are at least 260,000, and the indigenous population of the southern departments between the old Turkish boundary and Petritch, who are pro-Macedonian almost to a man, there are Macedonians in all walks of life in every Bulgarian town, and quite a large proportion — some say a third — of the population of Sofia is descended from Macedonian immigrants. Since the Treaty of Berlin, dissatisfied Macedonians — and they have seldom had cause to be satisfied — have been drifting into the country, and a very large number of prominent Bulgarians to-day are of Macedonian origin. The Prime Minister himself comes from Resna, near the Yugoslav-Albanian border.'

The present Government, under Premier Liaptchev, represents a great improvement on anything the country has known since pre-war days. It must be remembered that most of the nation

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went to war reluctantly at the behest of that wily bird-fancier, King Ferdinand, whose reflections on the art of living that we printed in our last issue contrast strangely with his own checkered career. The present monarch, King Boris, has proved much more satisfactory. He spends most of his time motoring through the country, continually stopping to talk with the peasants. Concerning Bulgarian politics, the *Times* correspondent has this to say: 'The present party situation is more or less this. There is an extreme Right, composed of Professor Tzankoff, Colonel Kalfoff, and their thirty Die-hards, allied with the three other parties of the Democratic Entente, but, for various reasons, inclined to snipe the Prime Minister, and not sure allies. Then, from Right to Right Centre, come the principal supporters of the Government, Democrats, Radicals, and Narodniaks (Progressives), all representing both middle-class and peasant elements, but the last, perhaps, nearer than the others to a bourgeois party. There are two Opposition groups, a weak Centre with twenty-three seats and a stronger Left with fifty-four seats, in a House of 273. The Left is led by M. Markoff and M. Muravieff, nephew of the late M. Stambuliskii. Most of its members are Agrarians of the extreme but constitutional section known as the Vrabtcha Street Committee, this being the scene of their decision to reorganize and reconstruct the party. There are a few Socialists, but they count for little. The Agrarians of the Left seem, in many cases, to have coöperated with the Communists in the General Election, though the Communist vote is small, but, now that they are in the House, they are repudiating any connection with Communism.'

The Spanish Assembly summoned by King Alfonso on October 10 marks a complete victory for Primo de Rivera. The leaders of the Conservative, Liberal, and Labor Parties have all refused to have anything to do with the meeting, which they condemn as illegal and unconstitutional. The *Manchester Guardian* explains the background in this way: 'While there was no open rupture between Rivera and King Alfonso, there was growing difference on policy, and if it came to a rupture there was for him no alternative to disappearance save rebellion (it is said that once he did threaten the King with the proclamation of a republic), and either, he believed, — no doubt honestly, and perhaps not without some justification, — would be disastrous to the country. It was then that the brilliant idea occurred to him that, if a dictator cannot create a party, he can always create a parliament. It would not be a constitutional parliament; it would be nominated and controlled by himself; but it would assume part of the responsibility for the Dictatorship, and, being a nominated body of experts, it might, with a dictator behind it to enforce its recommendations, do what neither the old Parliament nor the Directory had done — justify itself by results. Above all, it would be a weapon against the Crown.' The London *Times*, in a leading editorial that received wide publicity in the Spanish press, whose comments are so thoroughly censored as to be meaningless, takes a less severe view. It is almost certainly correct in asserting that nearly everyone in Spain is delighted with the Dictatorship because it has brought the country prosperity. The truth of this statement cannot, however, be ascertained by the Assembly, for that hand-picked body will not represent the entire country, though it may well stand for a majority. Ostensibly the

Spain Assembles

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duties of the Assembly will be 'to collaborate with the Government and prepare its projects.' Its three hundred and sixty members will be drawn from three groups representing the state, the professional classes, and the 'Patriotic Union.' The last-named group consists of the eight million people who voted for a continuation of the Directory in last year's plebiscite. It will be remembered that the Opposition expressed itself by refraining from voting, and that it formed rather less than half the voting population. As the *Times* says, if this group is fairly represented, real progress can be expected. The same paper explains the Assembly in this way: 'The answer seems to be that Don Alfonso and his Minister have the sagacity to see that the present system depends on the lives of two men — a precarious foundation for the tranquillity of a great people. They want to give permanence to their work. It is not likely that they trouble themselves about the illegal character of the Dictatorship or the contention of the *politicos* that a legal constitution cannot be reared upon a tainted base. The Dictator owns quite frankly that his work is "illegal but patriotic," and, if the nation allows him to complete it, he will hardly concern himself with the Constitution of 1876. He must indeed secure for all who have supported the Dictatorship immunity from the possible consequences of their illegal acts, but immunity will follow success as a matter of course. Success means the transformation of the existent friendly acquiescence in the Dictatorship into a settled and an energetic resolve to preserve the good it has accomplished by upholding the new reformed Constitution it is now the business of this Assembly to consider.'

Italian Unrest

One of the latest casualties in the 'battle of the lira' is the Banca Andreis of Turin, which has collapsed to the tune of thirty million lire — about one million, six hundred and fifty thousand dollars. As a result many of the local silk factories have been compelled to liquidate, while the Fascist director of the bank has entirely disappeared. The *Daily Herald* continues to proclaim the gravity of the economic crisis in Turin, and, although the podesta of that city wrote a letter denying the *Herald's* allegations, Mussolini has since dispatched a special envoy to investigate matters. Riots and arrests are reported in many parts of the country, chiefly as a result of the lira policy, and the *Nation and Athenæum* describes the present situation as follows: 'The courts are dealing with an enormous number of cases arising out of rents of flats, prices of groceries, and agricultural produce; and their decisions are, necessarily, arbitrary to a degree. They are obliged to give effect to Government price decrees; but they simply do not dare consider the effect of supply and demand upon prices. Harvest fields, import and consumption figures, and statistics of housing accommodation are outside their terms of reference. There is thus a reasonable chance that the clash between administrative Fascism and economics will produce considerable discontent in a large section of the Italian population.'

The Far East

The *China Weekly Review* offers an original explanation for the motives of the British in cutting the Shanghai-Hangchow railway. Ostensibly this action was undertaken to retaliate against the Chinese for having held a British airplane that had been forced to land on Chinese soil, but actually another motive may have been at work. 'What the British are trying to do — and later events have tended to confirm our opinion — is the hamstringing of the Nationalist military machine in its

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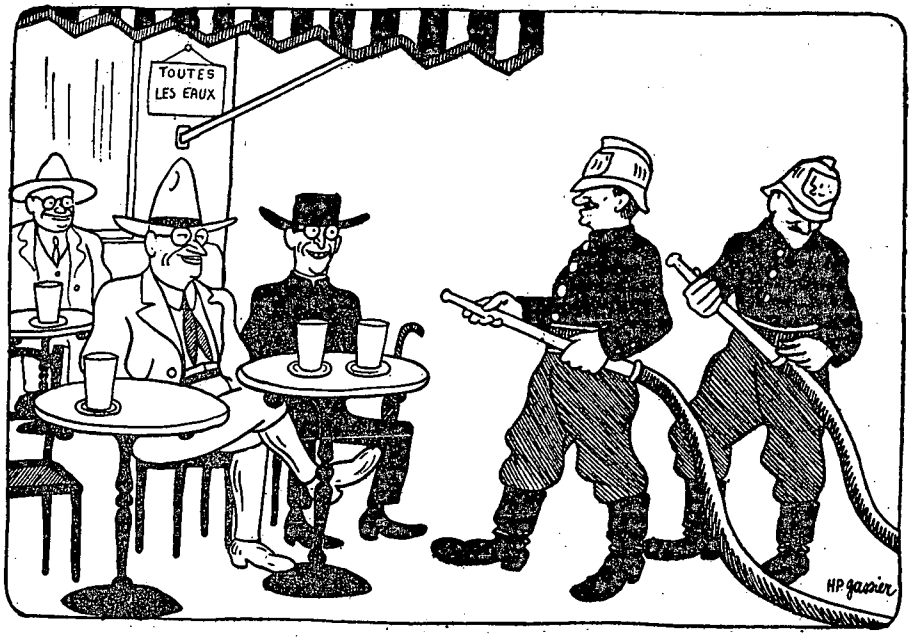
attempt to repel the invasion of the Shanghai area by the Northern militarist, General Sun Chuan-fang. In view of the fact that General Sun captured Pukow on the Yangtze, opposite Nanking, on the morning of August 17, it was quite logical to imagine the British doing everything possible to assist him in ousting the Nationalists. The cutting of the railway at Jessfield, which is about two miles outside the borders of the International Settlement, effectively prevents — or at least handicaps — the movement of Chinese reënforcements to the Nanking front from Chekiang Province. Also it prevents the transference of railway stock from one railway line to the other. Hence it should not be difficult to discern the real British intention in this action, for obviously the British Government would not countenance the cutting of a Chinese government railway merely for the purpose of recovering the wings of an airplane which landed *illegally* in Chinese territory. In the first place, the British army plane had no business flying over Chinese territory, as the Chinese authorities have pointed out in official notes to the British on April 10 and 27, June 13, and August 11. Then the action of the British authorities in sending motor trucks into Chinese territory for the purpose of removing the plane was obviously another violation of Chinese territorial integrity. Therefore, as stated previously, it is difficult to imagine the British Government taking this arbitrary action, which may be far-reaching in its consequences, merely for the purpose of recovering some airplane wings.'

THE LEGION IN PARIS



FIREMEN REPLACE WAITERS TO SERVE DRY AMERICA

— *Cyrano*, Paris

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POLITICS HERE AND THERE

LEADER PAGE CLIPPINGS

FOR A PAN–EUROPEAN LOCARNO[1]

Two years have passed since the word 'Locarno' brought the first message of a European dawn. Two years have passed, and the European sun has not yet risen.

For two years the 'spirit of Locarno' has been written and talked about so much that it has almost disappeared. Its golden lustre has begun to fade, and new distrust, new anxiety, and new uncertainty have replaced faith, security, and hope. The spirit of Locarno is not dead; it has gone to sleep, and the time has come to waken it.

Those who created Locarno were convinced that they had only made a beginning, a pledge, a promise, of the future Europe. It is time to fulfill this promise, for our development allows no hesitation, and time flies fast. Everything that refuses to move forward falls to earth, and whatever falls stays still. History will either pass over Locarno and continue to new hatreds and new wars, or Locarno will lead us to Pan-Europa. Locarno totters because the hopes on which it was built are not being fulfilled, because the spirit of understanding has not yet mastered the spirit of dread, because forces are at work that do not wish the new Europe to come into being.

Europeans, the time is ripe to take a new offensive against these destructive forces of the past and work for a better future based on firm foundations. The time is ripe to take the first practical step toward Pan-Europa, and this step is a Pan-European Locarno.

This is the point of Archimedes; this is what will set Europe in motion and wake it from the paralysis that has gripped us for the two past years. Other attempts to help Europe forward have foundered. The Disarmament Conference and the World Economic Conference have borne no fruit. Their spirit was willing, but their logic was weak. How can the states of Europe disarm as long as they fear each other? How can they renounce their protective tariffs in the face of the present precarious conditions of life and at the same time develop their strongest defense — powerful national industries?

The experiences of these two conferences shows that military and economic rivalry will continue as long as the present dangerous conditions endure. No conference, no phrase, no power, can dislodge this kind of logic — a logic stronger than political arguments and economic considerations. Only a complete break with the present policy of threats can change matters and open the new way to military disarmament and economic coöperation.

Every other path leads to futility. Increased armaments create new wars, and higher tariffs cause economic catastrophes. A building like Europe can overthrow itself, but it cannot stand up of its own accord. If we let things slide, our situation only becomes

[1] By R. N. Coudenhove-Kalergi, in *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *September* 4

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worse. To improve matters we need daring initiative, farsighted statesmanship, and political action. Such an act that can at a single stroke change the political situation of Europe would be the summoning of a second Locarno conference.

The invitation to such a conference would have to come from one or more European states who were willing to refuse to resort to war as a means of settling political differences. Any state that refused their invitation would be open to suspicions of secret aggression, and responsibility for future wars would fall upon it. The purpose of the second Locarno conference would be to form a second Locarno Pact that would extend the original Locarno principle to all European nations. The hope of such a Pan-European understanding is not too optimistic; to-day all European states should be able to conclude a treaty like the one arrived at between Germany and Poland two years ago.

The second Locarno Pact would require all signatory Powers to agree never, under any circumstances, to go to war, and to submit all conflicts to arbitration. Should one of the Powers be subjected to aggression, then all the others would be compelled to come to its aid. In cases of doubt, the definition of the Geneva Protocol would apply, which says that any state is an aggressor that refuses to submit its disputes to the arbitration board. This Pan-European pact of peace and security would be the natural consequence of the first Locarno Pact, which remains fragmentary only because its sphere is confined. It would also be the natural consequence of the Geneva Protocol, which has now failed to accomplish its chief purpose.

Locarno extended to include all Europe, and the Geneva Protocol confined only to Europe — that is the essential, necessary, and natural course for world policy to follow. Unless all European nations signed a new Locarno Pact peace would not be assured to the new Locarno group. Membership would be open to all European nations, and they would very soon take advantage of it.

Morality, common sense, and self-preservation all demand that the nations of Europe enter upon a European Locarno. Only hatred and blindness oppose it. Millions of European men and women would breathe more freely if they thought that their children were not living in the shadow of war. All the peaceful elements in Europe would concentrate on the new Locarno and show the world how strong was our power of peace and good will, and how completely hatred had been effaced from among us. The road to disarmament would be open, and as soon as the air had cleared all military preparations would be senseless.

The road would be open to economic reconstruction, for strategic military points would retreat before the demands of a great European market, where rational business, cheap prices, and high wages would be possible. The road would be open to close coöperation between all the national cultures of Europe, and their common civilization and the future of the white race would be assured.

Pan-Europeans, here is our purpose and our policy, here is the Pan-European demand of the day! Pan-Europa remains our ultimate purpose, but the Pan-European Locarno is our next step, the immediate goal of our practical daily politics. Demand this at all times, and in spite of all obstacles, until it is attained. Demand it in newspapers and meetings. Demand it of your parties and governments. In the name of the millions of inarticulate victims of the last war,

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who would save their survivors from enduring such horror, I appeal to all the statesmen of Europe to take this great initiative. And first I appeal to the creators of the first Locarno to crown their great work with a second brave effort.

I appeal to all foreign ministers of Europe to put their names on this certificate of Europe's Christian baptism and to break off with the heathen method of international bloodshed, to adopt the kindly Christian ideal of peace and justice. I appeal to all leaders of public opinion, to poets and thinkers, priests and pupils, artists and scholars, writers and journalists. May you all proclaim it to the enlightened element in Europe and unite in a single demand for a Pan-European Locarno.

Could the people of Europe speak — not through parliaments, nor through their parties and classes, but as fathers and mothers, parents and children, brothers and sisters, harassed and unhappy human beings — they would join with one voice demanding peace and an end to the sophistries of professional dealers in hatred who raise their voices against this pact of peace.

Since these poor millions are inarticulate, it is the duty of all who can speak and write in public to proclaim in word and speech to the masses of Europe the future message of peace.

Eight years have passed since the Great War — eight years of hatred, military dangers and alarms. It is time to bring this distrustful epoch to an end. It it time to turn a new page of European history. It is time to waken public opinion from its half-sleep and to direct its attention from the past to the future. It is time to forget the petty quarrels of the day and to embark upon a great common future enterprise.

It is time to change from Pan-European propaganda to the fulfillment of the Pan-European programme, and the first step will be a Pan-European Locarno.

A YEAR AFTER THOIRY [2]

NEARLY a year has passed since M. Briand's famous speech in the Assembly of the League of Nations after the admission of Germany into the League and his subsequent meeting with Dr. Stresemann at Thoiry. When one compares the hopes that were aroused a year ago with the distressing reality of the present situation, one is almost driven to despair. Not only has nothing been done during the last twelve months to realize the provisional agreement made at Thoiry, but there has been a distinct setback to the policy inaugurated at Locarno, — the policy of friendly coöperation between England, France, and Germany, — on which the peace of Europe depends.

Yet the hopes of September 1926 should not have been illusory, for they were based on solid grounds of reason. M. Briand returned from Geneva last year in triumph, confident of his ability to carry through the Thoiry policy, and his confidence seemed to be justified. He had the greater part both of the press and of the public in France on his side. The *Quotidien* declared that his policy must go through, even if it involved the downfall of the Poincaré Cabinet, and papers such as the *Petit Parisien* and the *Petit Journal*, with no pretension to be on the Left in politics, spoke of the early evacuation of the Rhineland as a settled thing. At that moment French public opinion was undoubtedly ready for evacuation and for full reconciliation with Germany.

Not so, unfortunately, M. Briand's colleagues in the Cabinet, where he had by no means a cordial reception. He

[2] By Robert Dell, in *Foreign Affairs* (London pacifist monthly), *September*

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was accused of having exceeded his powers — for he had arranged the Thoiry meeting without consulting the Cabinet, or even M. Poincaré — and of having committed himself to a policy dangerous to the security of France. Nevertheless, it was announced that there was 'complete agreement' in the Government as to the policy to be pursued, and that a committee of experts would at once be appointed to report on the suggestions made at Thoiry. No such committee was ever appointed, and, in fact, the only policy on which the Government was agreed was that of adjourning the matter *sine die*. M. Briand lost a great opportunity which has never returned. Had he said that he would resign rather than consent to the indefinite postponement of his policy, he would have broken up the Government, for had he resigned M. Poincaré would have resigned too. No doubt it was in accordance with M. Briand's temperament and habitual methods to yield rather than cause a ministerial crisis. He has never taken a firm stand on any question, because his method is to temporize and wait for more favorable conditions. He never tackles a difficulty boldly, but always tries to get round it; and he thought last year, as he always thinks, that in time he would be able to wangle his colleagues little by little and get what he wanted by stages. Not for the first time, he has proved to be mistaken.

There was, however, another and perhaps a stronger motive for giving way. M. Briand knew that for the French public the franc is more important than reconciliation with Germany or the peace of Europe. Had he brought down the Government, he would have become the destroyer of the Savior of the Franc and the wrecker of financial restoration, and the country would have turned against him. It was because M. Poincaré knew this too that he made the continuance of M. Briand in office a condition of the continued existence of the Government. I doubt whether even the *Quotidien*, in spite of its brave words immediately after Thoiry, would have supported M. Briand. It has certainly given him no support for a long time past. Indeed, since the first flush of enthusiasm faded away he has had no effective support from the Radicals and Socialists, least of all from his Radical colleagues in the Cabinet. Both M. Herriot and M. Albert Sarraut were ready, and even eager, to take his place at the Quai d'Orsay and follow M. Poincaré's instructions. When it became evident that the Thoiry policy was indefinitely postponed, no paper of the Left, not even the Socialist *Populaire*, made any attempt to work up a campaign in its favor. *L'Humanité*, of course, did not, for the Communists were opposed to Locarno from the first on the ground that it was directed against Russia, and are apparently opposed on principle to any pact of peace between capitalist governments. It is true that the support of *L'Humanité* would have done M. Briand no good. In short, M. Briand is isolated. He has warm supporters in the Quai d'Orsay, now perhaps the most enlightened spot in France as regards foreign policy, but they cannot enable him to triumph over opposition or indifference elsewhere.

Instead of strengthening his position, as he evidently hoped, time has weakened it. M. Poincaré has continued to use the menace that made M. Briand yield a year ago, and he takes care not to proceed to the legal stabilization of the franc and thus end the state of uncertainty that makes his own position almost impregnable. Moreover, while M. Briand and his supporters have been inactive, the opponents of the Thoiry policy have been extremely active, and have gradually under-

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mined M. Briand's influence and revived fear and distrust of Germany by a skillful campaign. Nothing could more clearly show how completely M. Briand is paralyzed than the fact that he has not once this year been allowed to make a speech in Parliament on foreign policy; nor has there been a single parliamentary debate on foreign affairs. And both the Radicals and the Socialists have acquiesced in this muzzling of M. Briand and Parliament. The Socialists did, indeed, give notice of an interpellation on foreign policy in the Chamber at the end of the session, and M. Poincaré agreed to a debate, but when M. Briand, who was in the country for his health, returned to Paris for the express purpose of replying to the interpellation the Socialists withdrew it!

Such has been the conduct of those on whose support M. Briand might naturally have counted.

Meanwhile, M. Poincaré began at Bar-le-Duc a series of Sunday afternoon speeches on the wickedness of the Germans, raking up German 'atrocities' and even pre-war incidents, and complaining that the German Government had not changed the name of an ancient warship called the Elsass. The worst was the speech at Lunéville, which led Dr. Stresemann to ask whether France was for the policy of the Ruhr or the policy of Locarno. His question remains to this day unanswered. Perhaps M. Briand might have answered it had not the Socialists prevented him from speaking, as I have mentioned. The press of the Right began a campaign on the menace of German armaments and the imminent danger of a German attack, obviously inspired by the General Staff to prevent the evacuation of the Rhineland or even a reduction of the occupying troops. The campaign culminated in a three-column article in the *Écho de Paris*, on August 16, in which the occupation of the Rhineland was declared to be the only guaranty of French security (which implies that it must be permanent). Germany was represented as being on the point of attacking France, any reduction of the occupying forces was opposed, and Sir Austen Chamberlain was accused of having sent a note on the question of reduction so offensive in tone that M. Briand dared not read it to the Cabinet.

A few days earlier a weekly paper called *Aux Écoutes* had published a report sent to the French Government last February by General Guillaumat, French Commander in the Rhineland, in which the German Government was alleged to be organizing an attack on the occupying army, which was declared to be in danger. The French Government, to do it justice, appears not to have taken this wild nonsense seriously, but M. de Brocqueville, the Belgian Minister of War, took it seriously, or pretended so to take it. For it was almost certainly on this report, probably supplied to him by the French General Staff, that he based his attack on Germany in the Belgian Parliament, against which the German Government protested. It will be seen that all the evidence points to a campaign organized by the French General Staff, by whom General Guillaumat's report was almost certainly inspired, if not actually ordered. The methods employed are disgraceful. If there is any real reason to believe that Germany is violating the Treaty of Versailles, the duty of the French and Belgian Governments is to bring the matter before the League of Nations. But that would involve the production of the evidence and the justification of the charges.

The eminent German pacifist, Professor Foerster, has, as usual, lent a hand to the French nationalists and

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militarists. He published in the *Menschheit* an alleged plan for the reorganization of the German army. I have not much confidence in Professor Foerster's information, especially since he announced in the *Figaro* that England was encouraging the autonomist movement in Alsace-Lorraine with the view of separating it from France and the Rhineland from Germany, and combining them into a single independent state! Anybody that could believe that would believe anything. Besides, when Professor Foerster is in Paris he is usually to be found in the offices of the most reactionary Nationalist papers, which daily denounce the whole German people. It seems to me a strange method of promoting peace. Nevertheless, the 'revelations' of the *Menschheit* may well have been substantially true, but on the face of them it was a question, not of any secret conspiracy, but of a plan to be submitted to the League of Nations for its approval. In these circumstances, I fail to see what there is to make a fuss about. The League has only to disapprove.

The *Menschheit* revelations, however, caused my friend, Professor Victor Basch, President of the Ligue des Droits de l'Homme, to lose his head completely. He wrote in the *Volonté* an article announcing that the German military authorities were planning a war against Poland, from which the victorious German army would return to restore the Hohenzollerns. His conclusion was that France must arm to the teeth — to defend the Polish Corridor? M. Basch, by the way, had previously defended the Lunéville speech on the ground that France was still without 'security,' — the Pact of Locarno apparently counting for nothing, — and had offered M. Poincaré the leadership of 'all the forces of the Left,' including therefore the Socialists, but I do not know whether M. Basch was authorized to make the offer on their behalf. A wiser moral was drawn from the *Menschheit* publication, also in the *Volonté*, by M. Paul Ostoya — namely, that the other countries ought to follow the example of Germany and disarm. As he said, it is absurd to suppose that Germany can be permanently disarmed if all other countries remain armed. It is the business of a General Staff to have as strong an army as possible, and I fail to see why it is wicked on the part of the German General Staff to try to make the German army as strong and efficient as possible within the limits of the Treaty of Versailles, and highly laudable and patriotic on the part of Field-Marshal Paul-Boncour to propose the conscription of infants in arms, or on the part of M. Painlevé to spend thousands of millions on a huge system of fortifications on the new French frontier for the purpose, as he himself has explained, of facilitating an offensive in the German demilitarized zone. What is sauce for the German militarist goose is sauce for the French militarist gander. At the bottom of the French thesis is the assumption that — as M. Paul-Boncour said in the Chamber in so many words — France is quite unlike all other nations. Having never in her history made war except to defend herself against attack, she alone can be trusted to use armaments purely for defensive purposes, whereas the armaments of other nations — except, of course, the Allies of France — are offensive.

The net result of all this is that M. Briand goes to Geneva a year after Thoiry discredited and without authority or prestige. It amazes me that he has had the face to go at all, and it would not surprise me if he resigned when he came back. It would be the course most consistent with his dignity. M. Henry de Jouvenel, of the Senate and the *Matin*, has given him a parting

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kick. There is considerable force in the official reason that M. de Jouvenel gave for resigning from the French delegation. It is true, as he says, that the most important questions concerning European peace, beginning with the Corfu affair, have been withheld from the League of Nations. Because it is true, M. Briand's reply was very weak, but he was justified in remarking that M. de Jouvenel has taken a long time to find out that the League was being set aside, for he was already a member of the French delegation at the time of the Corfu affair four years ago. In his explanatory article in the *Matin*, however, M. de Jouvenel let the black cat out of the bag. He wants France once more to be the centre of the 'little nations' — that is, he is for the military alliances with Poland and the rest against the policy of Locarno. Two months ago M. de Jouvenel declared in an interview given to the *Vossische Zeitung* that the Pact of Locarno was insufficient and further guaranties were required. He suggested that the Powers should return to Locarno to make a new pact, which should include 'at least' a British guaranty of the present Polish frontiers. We may thank M. de Jouvenel for nothing.

It is sometimes said that M. Poincaré is not really opposed to the Thoiry policy, — that is, to the evacuation of the Rhineland, — that he is merely waiting until America is willing to buy the German railway securities, and that depends on the ratification by France of the debt agreement, which in its turn depends on stabilization. In that case, why does not M. Poincaré stabilize, as both the financial and the industrial interests in France now desire? It is a more probable hypothesis that one of his reasons for postponing legal stabilization is a desire to postpone the consequences mentioned. But the realization of the German railway securities was not an essential part of the Thoiry policy. It was probably suggested merely because M. Briand wished to have some *quid pro quo* to induce his colleagues to agree to the evacuation of the Rhineland. The essence of the Thoiry policy was the recognition of evacuation as the logical consequence of Locarno, which morally bound the occupying Powers to withdraw their troops. Sir Austen Chamberlain held from the first that they were morally bound by the Locarno agreements to evacuate the Rhineland. It has been asserted in Paris that he has now changed his mind on that point, but I do not know whether that is the fact. M. Poincaré, in any case, certainly does not take that view. He has insisted at Lunéville and elsewhere that the Locarno agreements leave the Treaty of Versailles and the rights of France under that treaty intact. He accepts the Locarno pacts, but not the Locarno policy, of which the Thoiry policy is merely the corollary. 'Pertinax' has rightly distinguished between the two points of view. Since Germany has been declared quit of her disarmament obligations and the occupation cannot therefore be continued as a guaranty of disarmament, M. Poincaré proposes to continue it as a guaranty of Reparations — that is, of the fulfillment of Germany's obligations under the Dawes Plan. He foresees that the Dawes Plan will break down, either because it will be found impossible to transfer the payments, or because Germany defaults, and in either case he intends to use the occupation of the Rhineland as a means of bringing pressure on Germany to make a new arrangement. That this is his policy is certain, and he will never agree to evacuation before the fate of the Dawes Plan is known — which means he is opposed to the Thoiry policy. And he has been the chief cause of its check.

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But this is not all. It would appear that in the interview with the *Vossische Zeitung* already mentioned M. Henry de Jouvenel expressed the views of M. Poincaré. At any rate, it is the intention of the latter, if and when the question of evacuating the Rhineland is raised, to make it a condition of evacuation that Germany should 'voluntarily' accept the existing Polish frontiers, as she has accepted the Rhineland frontier, and renounce all intention of ever getting them altered even by peaceful means. This is in effect a proposal to throw the whole Locarno system into the melting pot and return to the policy of stereotyping forever the existing territorial arrangements of Europe, which was embodied by M. Beneš and M. Paul-Boncour in the Protocol of Geneva.

There is no longer any question of the Thoiry policy. M. Briand himself has abandoned it — at any rate for so long as M. Poincaré remains in power. The question is now whether the promise given to Germany, that the occupying forces should be reduced to the strength of the German garrison in the Rhineland before the war, shall be fulfilled. At the time of writing the French Government refuses to fulfill it. M. Briand has with great difficulty obtained the consent of his colleagues to a reduction of only five thousand men. He would not have obtained even that had not his hands been strengthened by two Notes from the British Foreign Office, insisting on a reduction. It is being asserted by the French press at the time of writing that, since the recent speech of Herr von Kardoff, British opinion has come round to the French point of view. I cannot believe British opinion to be quite so silly, but we shall know soon after this article appears how the matter has been decided. The French point of view — that is, the point of view of the French General Staff and the majority of the French Cabinet — is that faith should not be kept with Germany in this matter. If this point of view prevails, it will be the end of the policy of Locarno. In any case, that policy has been seriously compromised during the last twelve months, and reconciliation between France and Germany, which looked so near last September, has been put back, perhaps for years. The Man of the Revenge and the Ruhr still menaces the peace of Europe.

DANZIG AND THE POLES[3]

ONCE more the League of Nations finds itself burdened with a half-dozen different questions relating to the Free City of Danzig. Last year a new procedure was inaugurated in the hopes of lightening the Council's task a little, but no procedure can prevail against human determination, and the dike has already been submerged.

Whence came this flood? If you put this question to the representatives of the Free City, they will reply that it is the natural result of the ambiguous legal situation in which Danzig stands, and that it is aggravated by the policy of the Polish Government, which is always preoccupied with extending the rights it received under the Versailles Treaty. The Free City, they say, is on the defensive at Geneva.

If you ask the same question of the Poles, their reply is quite different. The Danzig Senate, according to them, abounds in nationalist sentiment, and its majority is precarious. A large number of the middle class in Danzig, to say nothing of the Socialists, want close economic coöperation with Poland. The only way in which the Senate can keep its prestige is constantly to arouse new political differences that

[3] By William Martin, in *Journal de Genève* (Swiss Liberal-Democratic daily), *September* 3

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keep everyone's spirits agitated. If these differences have become particularly acute at the moment, it is because the Danzig elections will soon be held.

The question of the Westerplatte that concerns the League session is an old story. On the twenty-second of June, 1921, Poland was granted the right to establish in Danzig a transit depot for munitions. On the fourteenth of March, 1924, the construction work was finally completed, but the depot was not used until last April.

At the previous session of the League the Danzig Senate brought before the Council a question relating to the extraterritoriality of this emplacement and of the rights of the agents of the Free City to be granted access to it. The question, however, was adjourned, and, before the Council was able to deliberate, the Danzig Senate came back at it and demanded that its previous decision be abrogated and that the munition depot on the Westerplatte be completely done away with.

The line of argument followed by M. Sahm, President of the Senate, is exceedingly clear. The Free City, he said, never admitted the legitimacy of this munition depot. Because this depot is so near to the workmen's quarter at Neufahrwasser, it constitutes a terrible and permanent danger for the population there. In case of war it could not fail to be the target of enemy airplanes, which would cause its destruction. On account of the anxiety it provokes, this depot is a constant source of irritation, unpleasantness, and conflict. It is not out of hatred for Poland that they demand its suppression, but simply through desire to coöperate with that country. Moreover, the reasons that led the Council to authorize the depot no longer exist, or at any rate have ceased to be vital, because Poland has since considerably developed its port at Gdingen. Here there is a daily traffic of four thousand tons of coal. Why, then, cannot a yearly quantity of explosives not exceeding twenty thousand tons be handled?

These facts the Poles answer with assertions concerning their rights. The treaties that were supposed to give Poland an outlet to the sea, they say, would have no meaning at all if they forbade her to make use of the sea. The Council, moreover, has gone into this question on several occasions, and Poland would enjoy no security and no stability in its relations with Danzig if the decisions of the Council were precarious and constantly revocable. If such procedure were possible, all matters of this kind would be open to dispute now that Germany is a member of the League Council.

Since this argument raised the question of constitutional right, it aroused loud discussion in the Council. One learned jurist maintained that it was necessary to distinguish between the Council's judicial and administrative decisions. The latter cannot be irrevocable, for it would be dangerous if the Council were obliged to perpetuate any errors it might make. But judicial decisions ought, in their very nature, to be definitive.

The difficulty is to distinguish one type of decision from another and to say in this particular case to what category the Council's decisions concerning the Westerplatte belong. The Polish memoranda speak intentionally of decisions by arbitration. The Danzig element, on the other hand, maintain that the designation of a munition depot necessarily implies an administrative character. It is this question that the Committee of Jurists on the Council is preparing to study.

The persistence and the éclat of this misunderstanding between Danzig and Poland are both surprising and dis-

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tressing. One can readily understand the attachment of the Germans in Danzig to their lost Fatherland; their sentiments are noble and legitimate. In the meanwhile, however, one must live, and all the economic interests of the Free City impel it at the present time in the direction of Poland.

The extraordinary growth of traffic through the port in the course of the last few years is perhaps more apparent than real, for it chiefly consists of exports that are not very fruitful and that are not balanced by any equivalent amount of importations. This, however, is a passing phenomenon due to the financial difficulties of the Polish nation. It is evident that Danzig, as the only useful port of a great country, looks forward to a splendid future.

The Free City also looks forward to a great moral future, as the link between Germany and Poland, between Slavic and Germanic civilizations. Instead of being an apple of discord and a point of friction, Danzig should be the means of joining the two countries together, provided it acts benevolently.

Such action will be to its interest and to Poland's as well as to Germany's. One can hardly believe that Mr. Stresemann can feel any particular gratitude to the citizens of Danzig for impelling him at each session of the Council to take part in a big political fight. One cannot even help feeling that the Danzig Senate is letting itself be manœuvred, undoubtedly unconsciously, by the nationalist adversaries of Mr. Stresemann, and that it is playing domestic politics — but German politics, and not those of Danzig.

It is not enough to be right either in fact or in principle; one must also know how to avoid both the spirit of exaggeration that amplifies all possible dangers and the purely judicial spirit that is often the greatest enemy of the political spirit.

AFFAIRS IN CHILE[4]

THEATRICAL pathos runs in the blood of every Latin American. It rings out in his speech, and can be discovered at all public occasions. The Northerner goes in for cool skepticism; here they prefer pure emotion, often devoid of meaning or purpose. The handsome gesture wins the day; actor and public alike feel its spell. Naïve impressionability and remarkable natural intelligence are blended in a curious mixture. Disillusion quickly follows, for the people believe the fine words spoken and never forget them. The impression that the gesture made abides.

The formal inauguration of a president is a particularly rich ceremony, where all efforts to play upon the crowd are employed. In Chile they excelled themselves when the dictator, Colonel Ibáñez, officially took over the government on the twenty-first of July, after a comic election with no opposing candidate. The will of the people had supposedly spoken in 'a strongly democratic and constitutional fashion.' The day before the oath was administered an impressive intermezzo with an historical background was arranged. Enrique Balmaceda Toro, Minister of the Interior, gave to Ibáñez, at an occasion of great celebration, the sash that his father, President Balmaceda, had kept for his successor in office. Nevertheless, this was the first time in thirty-six years that Balmaceda's desire had been fulfilled. A man worthy to wear the sash had at last appeared, and with this pathetic symbolic gesture thirty-six years of Chilean history came to a close.

Who was Balmaceda, whose spirit came to life after so long a time? He was the last president whose whole effort was directed toward strengthen-

[4] By Dr. E. F. Alemann, in *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily,) *September* 1

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ing the State's authority even at the expense of Congress. Beginning his political career as a Liberal, he remained one of his party's most influential leaders since 1870. In 1886 he was chosen President in an election which the Conservatives declared unconstitutional, and in which they did not nominate any opposing candidate. Presently he saw an embittered, firm Opposition being formed against him, whose members used their parliamentary skill with such success that they broke up the victorious Liberals into four different groups. Balmaceda's efforts to unite the Liberals and keep them together in Parliament came to naught. He expended more effort than did any of his successors in putting through several great projects with the assistance of Congress. Chief among these were an increase of armaments, the construction of new forts, and the maintenance of a larger army and navy. The more these activities were pursued, the less favorable an impression they created in other countries. After them came railway construction, schools, and other public works that presently led to open conflict between the Government and Parliament. By 1891 Balmaceda had broken with fourteen different ministries. The last one he summoned and maintained in office against the will of Parliament, which had refused to pass his Budget. On the fifth of January, 1891, Balmaceda passed a decree declaring that he would continue in office, and in doing so gave the signal for revolution. On the next day the 'Congressionalists,' led by Jorge Montt, hustled the fleet, which had been won over to their side of the revolution, out of Valparaiso, and twenty-four hours later Balmaceda declared himself dictator and announced a state of siege. This civil war ended in the complete collapse of Balmaceda, whose term of office expired on the eighteenth of September, 1891. On that day he shot himself in the Argentine Embassy, whither he had fled for protection. The dictator who had sprung from among the original Liberals had by this time made enemies of all the other parties, and his own had meanwhile split into several groups.

The natural reaction to this emphasis on presidential power lasted from the fall of Balmaceda to the recent election of President Alessandri — an epoch characterized by jealous protection of the rights of Parliament. The parliamentary system was the trump card, and the Government was deprived of its control of the election machinery. As a result parliamentary anarchy followed, and lasted for thirty years, during which time it prevented the sound development of the country. One ministerial crisis followed another, the presidents were only nominal heads of the nation, and corruption was so widespread that the nation's economic development was seriously injured.

The parliamentary system of Chile is explained by the social structure of the country. As a result of its geographic position it preserves many more colonial characteristics than the Argentine, which is continually being refreshed and influenced by immigrants. In Chile the immigrants come from two different classes of society that are continually at odds with each other. Those with property and those without are bitter enemies, and at the last constitutional elections the candidate of the Clerical Conservative bourgeois bloc was opposed by a trade-unionist Liberal, Salas. This contrast between the 'haves' and the 'have nots' is nourished by the condition of the country. Illiteracy and alcoholism conspire with low pay and primitive living conditions to create politics of such a volcanic nature that they

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stamp the life of the entire country. On account of the continued predominance of Parliament, politics has become a highly profitable business that looks upon justice and honesty as mere slogans.

In Arturo Alessandri those elements in the nation that wanted a new lease of life saw the fulfillment of their desires. He was elected to office by a small majority, and took over the presidency full of reforming ideas directed against the Clerical Conservative group that had been running the country. Continual changes of ministry failed to hinder him, and after various threats of retirement he finally put through a modern body of financial and social legislation. This was enough to make the reactionaries, with the help of the military party, unseat the inopportune President from office on the fifth of September, 1923. Alessandri departed for Europe, but a few months later the military group went to pieces and Alessandri was called back.

Greeted with such a celebration as has never been extended to any Chilean president, Alessandri went about continuing his reforms, although he had only come back under certain restrictions. An assembly was summoned to reform the Constitution, and an election was held to choose a new Chamber and a president who should take office when Alessandri's term had expired. In the meanwhile it appeared that Alessandri did not possess enough energy to put his demands across. It was not long before the ambitious Colonel Ibáñez, who occupied the post of Secretary of War, made it clear that the military element was as active and powerful as ever in politics, and under his leadership the reaction against Alessandri's progressive ideas set in. The Constitutional Assembly dissolved, thanks to the coöperation of the military group, and instead a plebiscite was held on a new Constitution that offered a new kind of parliamentarianism based on greater presidential powers. It was on this that the ambitious military element based its eventual seizure of power. A year after the first military revolt Colonel Ibáñez forced the President to leave for a second time, and Alessandri disappeared for good from the political scene.

The election of the compromise candidate, Figueroa Larrain, was merely an interlude. In spite of clear provisions in the Constitution, final power did not actually lie in the President himself, but in the strongest member of his Cabinet, who in this case was Ibáñez, now Minister of the Interior, an office that also included the Vice-Presidency of the Republic. In case of death or retirement of the President, this man became the head of the State.

In April of this year Ibáñez decided that his time had come. In order to force the retirement of Figueroa Larrain, a committee lodged a complaint against the President's brother, who was the Chief Justice of the country, because he had failed to support the dismissal of four judges. The President declared himself in thorough sympathy with his brother, and resigned office. Ibáñez's way was clear before him. As Vice-President he took over the Government, declared an election, and as the only candidate was elected 'Constitutional' President of the Republic. He intentionally linked himself to Balmaceda's tradition by appointing that man's son who bears his historic name to the post of Minister of the Interior. Significantly enough, he also gave a post in his Cabinet to Dr. Salas, who had run as the workers' candidate in 1926 against Figueroa Larrain. When these brutal measures shall have finally suppressed the comparatively

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insignificant Conservative element headed by Figueroa Larrain, the new President will make his bow to a movement that was recently exceedingly radical, and will then proceed to show what a liberal fellow he is.

Yet these were only gestures. Ibáñez has formally anointed himself dictator with democratic oil. Disappearances of certain politicians indicate that matters have not yet settled down in Chile. For the moment, however, things are favorable to dictators in South America. Enfolded in the dignified togas of selfless patriotic reformers, their very skin seems to radiate a divine lustre. It may be well to remember, however, that Balmaceda saw his whole work fall to dust and ashes, and that he ended his life a suicide.

ENGLAND, GERMANY, AND RUSSIA [1]

BY PAUL SCHEFFER

In 1924 the *New York World* published the news that Austen Chamberlain had gained the support of the English Parliament in following the policy that led to Locarno. But in diplomacy one must distinguish between words and facts. The memorandum in which he expressed himself was written in that noble, superior style appropriate to the secrets of English diplomacy, and was composed by a Russian, Poliakov, under the direction of Sir William Tyrrell, the permanent Undersecretary of Foreign Affairs, who has for a long time been the Éminence Grise of Downing Street. Before the war Poliakov worked on the *Russkie Slovo*, a paper always renowned for its anti-German tendencies, whose offices *Pravda* now occupies. During the war he represented the *Russkie Slovo* at Stockholm, and he is a clever and able journalist.

His career in England is noteworthy. As Tyrrell's spokesman, and as specialist in England's East European problems, he is to-day the best barometer of England's diplomatic schemes in that part of the world. His power as a publicist has grown enormously. He now occupies a dominating position in the Foreign News department of the *Times*, and contributes frequently to the *Fortnightly Review*. In short, he has turned into a completely Conservative Englishman.

In the *Times* the influences of foreign journalists play an important part. Poliakov is one of those homeless Russians whose native land has disappeared since the victory of the Bolsheviki — the type of person who hopes for nothing better than another upheaval in that part of the world. In the course of the last three years Poliakov has often uttered opinions expressing this belief. At the beginning of 1924 an article taking a hostile line against France and ostensibly written by Tyrrell appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, for Tyrrell likes to cast aspersions on Paris, and this article called for an Anglo-Russo-German entente. But presently the hostility of Augur, as Poliakov calls himself, against the

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *September 7*

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Soviet Union burst forth. The same paper recently printed an article whose significance the Kremlin recognized, especially in conjunction with other internal preparations that the English Government had arranged before the Russian break. At the same time Poliakov took a sharper tone toward Germany. Through his influential friends he was going to help Germany purchase back some of the provinces she had lost in 1919, but he also knew how to arouse mistrust of Germany in the Kremlin, having by no means forgotten the psychology of his native land.

Since the Arcos incident he has become more violent still. He now writes inflammatory articles in as many journals as possible, he warns the states bordering on Soviet Russia, and has crowned his activity with two books, entitled *Soviet versus Civilization* and *Germany in Europe*. All these productions, including the books, contain much more than mere statements and proofs. They are propaganda such as has not been seen since the word 'civilization' was contrasted with the word 'Germany' during the war. For the Foreign Office to make a Russian its mouthpiece, especially in such an important matter as Anglo-Russian relations, is in itself remarkable, but it is well to remember that the unexcelled diplomatic correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* is a Hungarian.

Germany in Europe proves that England stands to gain by attracting Germany away from the Soviet Union. Augur mildly asserts that unfortunately the Bolsheviki find our coöperation essential. Since 1919, and especially at Genoa, where Lloyd George invited our delegates and they made that unfortunate Rapallo Treaty, we have found Russian coöperation a bad bargain. The occupation of the Ruhri showed us the futility of counting on any military aid from Soviet Russia, and certain common interests between Germany and Russia in regard to Poland have been revealed in a similar light. Yet Germany continues to pursue this course. How can such a pitiable situation be remedied?

The German people are as proud of their honor as any other. It is a duty to give them back their army and to free their occupied provinces. On one point, however, Augur remains adamant — the 'German Corridor' must never again block Poland's access to the sea, for he believes that Danzig and the Polish Corridor, with Königsberg and East Prussia on the other side of it, are perfectly practical. Until recently English policy has not taken account of our attitude on the Russian question, but the English are now seeking by pressure and threats of many kinds to try to convince us of the disastrous course they believe we have followed.

Does Augur's friendliness really indicate a change of heart? Almost certainly not: it is a matter of tactics pure and simple. He wishes to make public opinion in Germany, and perhaps official opinion, uncertain and vacillating. More he can hardly expect, since England could not look for much active military assistance from us in a war against Russia. To arm us would be for England to deny the policy she followed at Versailles and afterward. She is backing the French hegemony in Europe which her assistance made possible, and whose natural object is to keep in abeyance the strongest Powers — Russia, and Germany still more. Even the signatories of this Treaty, the very men who made it, doubted the permanence of their work when they took their pens in hand. To-day they say that they erected a marvelous balance of power, apparently self-sustaining. But the resumption of the normal European balance of power would

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involve an armed Germany, deprive France of her proud rôle as the English policeman, and put England in danger of having to embark on a war against us in defense of her French ally. These facts we must state in cold blood, for they dominate our entire policy. No one will exact from us the price that Augur demands; no one is going to make us do the impossible — certainly not after the past nine years.

If any question concerning the substance of the Peace of Versailles arises, France and England have always found themselves at one, and only a person ignorant of the substance of this treaty can be astonished. Never in European history has there been such a close union as that between France and England. Doumergue's last visit to London, Marshal Foch's war disclosures, and an article in *Le Temps* inspired by Poincaré demanding a break with the Soviet Government, show how solid their partnership is. What Augur would propose to give us in exchange if England or an English coalition demanded benevolent neutrality in a conflict with Russia would naturally be the nub of the matter. England is working with a very large margin of safety in the light of Russia's present situation, internal and external, and this situation can be used to advantage at our expense. Augur's versatility has surpassed itself. In a Baltic newspaper he pleads for peace, while elsewhere in almost the same breath he calls for war.

Poliakov avoids threatening us, but his suspicions already amount to a kind of threat. He speaks a great deal about understandings alleged to exist between the Reichswehr and the Bolsheviki. How pleasant it is to know that our tactical situation is satisfactory, in spite of the fact that the Reichswehr Ministry believes it to be impossibly difficult. The truth is that the Red army is as Red as all the impulses of its State can make it. Not only is it drilled according to the Red routine, but it believes itself a crusading force ready to oppose the reviled but coveted land of capitalism. Its victory and its excuse for being are wrapped up in the Revolution, which it created and which it will fight for against any foreign army. What hopes can a bourgeois country like ours place on this fighting body? To be thrown into coöperation with it, either at a crisis or merely at a period of uncertainty, would be pure suicide. To be sure, we have every interest in seeing Russia maintain herself and defend herself apart from the group of Versailles Powers, and as long as the present situation lasts this logic will prevail. In Germany we need no longer fear a Bolshevist revolution, unless one should be shoved down our throats with bayonets, and only English policy is strong enough to cause that.

True, we have not yet gained any very important advantages from the Soviet régime in Russia. We should prefer a country less shut off from the rest of the world and more powerfully developed than that the Communists have yet shown themselves capable of creating. Nevertheless, our political independence, which includes our economic existence, depends ultimately on Russia, and on Russia alone.

The monomania of Communism has put Russia in an extremely dangerous position of isolation. More must happen, however, before fresh air can be expected to prevail in this atmosphere of illusion and hatred.

No doubt Moscow strives for the day when it can say to the world, 'You or we,' but that day is still very distant, and the most attractive statistics indicating the growth of Soviet power will not convince anyone that it is at all close at hand. It would be foolish to

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expect that Russia will escape her day of reckoning, but it is much more important to influence her by means of a realistic economic policy that may bring health to her ailing economic life. This help we cannot wish to render under the flags of the nations now occupying the Rhineland, whether they do it with bloodshed or without. Nor can we coöperate with emigrants like Poliakov, who cannot find 'their' Russia any more. Not only are we too selfish to allow such a catastrophe to occur, but we are also too unbiased to lend ourselves to its accomplishment. Count Brockdorff-Tantzaw announced our course as follows to the German colony in Moscow on the anniversary of our Constitution: 'Let us take care to preserve friendship with our friends, and let us honestly seek to take advantage of every opportunity to iron out difficulties and misunderstandings with other nations.'

Augur and his like want war, but we must remember that in the event of such a war we should be walled in behind a Polish State created by France — a state that would certainly demand East Prussia as far as the coast of Lithuania in reward for its coöperation. Experience leads us to believe that things will never come to such a pass. England is now throttling Russia and attempting to strangle her, if possible — a state of affairs we cannot contemplate calmly. The Russian is certainly the same giant he always was, and England dislikes him as much as ever. But supposing England rallied enough assistance and coöperation in Europe and Asia to apply intolerable pressure. In that case all the conspirators from Wiesbaden to Constantinople would be powerless, and Poland would suffer most of all. Since that country is run for the benefit of peasants and intense Nationalists, it would be plunged in hopeless confusion, which Germany would find most unpleasant so close at hand, and in such desperate circumstances Moscow could use every means of fomenting domestic difficulties in the countries that were helping Poland against her. If England or a coalition directed by England took a still more aggressive initiative, it would only be a slight variant of the situation just described. To-day, as ever, the invasion of Russia would be futile, even if Leningrad did possess an air base, and such dangers have decreased further now that Europe is no longer the armed continent it was in 1914. In every army, and behind every army, on the continent there now stand powerful groups capable of preventing a mobilization and stopping a war that would be bound to ruin their best interests, and Communist propaganda in Europe is military only in so far as it opposes such interests. A war against Soviet Russia would be waged against the Soviet's intractability to civilized institutions, but the chances are that such a war would culminate in European anarchy. Already England's wall around Russia is beginning to illustrate the truth of this prophecy. If the Russian kettle blows up, or if someone smashes it, the explosion will hit Poland and Germany first. These eventualities Mr. Poliakov and his clever friends should consider first of all. 'England in Europe' is much more important than we are, as Augur himself confesses. To underestimate the energies England is exerting in Eastern Europe is to be guilty of carelessness and blindness. We level both these reproaches at Mr. Poliakov and his Conservative friends in distant London.

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THE CRISIS IN BOLSHEVISM [1]

BY DOCTOR TONI STOLPER

THE fight now going on in Russia between the majority and the Opposition has not yet been clearly explained to foreigners. All announcements and speeches by the Opposition leaders have been suppressed by the majority group in Russia itself, and have only been quoted in part by official sympathizers of the minority parties abroad. Now, however, material has been assembled by the German Communist minority groups, who are taking up the fight and giving the dispute greater publicity than it enjoys in Russia.

The disagreement between the party and national leaders who support either Stalin or Trotskii has been going on for some time. Is this dispute concerned with matters pertaining to Bolshevist state policy, or are the only abiding problems in that State questions of how Communist doctrines should be applied? Apparently both elements come into play. The majority has always carried the day and consistently overcome the Opposition. Nevertheless, the significance of the Opposition movement cannot be underestimated as far as the future of the Bolshevist State is concerned. Modern Russia takes so little stock in historical tradition and lays so much emphasis on pure theory and on the schemes and desires of its leaders that an Opposition can acquire great importance. It may not control any decisive political group, but it can always express a clear political programme.

[1] From *Der Deutsche Volkswirt* (Berlin Big Business weekly), *September* 2

The plenary session of the two political bodies that govern the Soviet Union, the Central Committee, or ZK, and the Central Control Commission, ZKK, discussed the possibility of celebrating the tenth anniversary of the October Revolution during the next session of the Party in December. Definite action was postponed, and the Party's tenth reunion will not be celebrated in a festive mood, but under the shadow of external difficulties and internal dissensions.

The long-winded resolutions adopted by the Committee express Stalin's own opinions on the present state of world politics. Their high lights are as follows. European capitalism has rallied from the effects of the war, and since 1921 has stabilized itself. Bolshevist Russia also has built up a strong internal organization. Both parties — in Europe capitalism, and in Russia a dictatorship of the proletariat that hopes to upset that capitalism — have prospered. The growth of the reactionary parties and more skillful leadership have put capitalism in a powerful position. All this, however, is merely a prelude, and the rest will follow as Marx and Lenin prophesied. Capitalism is increasing and approaching the point at which it will fall an easy prey to the victorious proletarian revolution. The development of capitalist production, the hypertrophy of capital, bitterer struggles over foreign markets and colonies, greater antagonism between the various capitalistic states, and more acute evidences of class

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conflict, such as the English General Strike, the frequent strikes in France, and the Vienna riots, all point in the same direction.

The resolutions go on to say that the only difficulty is that 'the bourgeoisie is attempting, not without success, to corrupt the workers' organizations and to make these organizations serve the interests of the capitalist class.'

Trotskii has already answered these fundamental assertions. True, he says, Western capitalism is stronger, but the dictatorship of the proletariat in Russia has not been strengthened. The growth of capitalism in the West has not sharpened the class conflict. Quite the contrary. The working class has begun to swing to the Right, and the dictatorship of the proletariat in Russia has degenerated because its leaders have given in to the wishes of the nepmen and the *kulaki* (rich peasants).

From these fundamental difficulties arises the first practical question now under dispute — the next war. Since the break with England everyone in Russia feels that this war is inevitable and dangerous. Stalin, Rykov, and Bukharin have announced that capitalism, strengthened and animated by imperialist motives, contemplates war with the growing power of Bolshevism. This war will be a preventive measure against social world revolution. The peaceful breathing space that we are now enjoying will not last long; its end is certain. 'Within the next year this war will be recognized as inevitable, and may even have come to pass.'

This real danger must be met by every possible measure that will strengthen the country's ability to defend itself, though as yet people do not believe such a struggle to be imminent. The social dangers of war are deterring the capitalist countries, and many other interests are at work to postpone the conflict as long as possible. But when this conflict breaks out it will be very different from all previous wars, for it will possess a purely class character. In capitalist countries the war against Russia will be a civil war of workers against capitalists. The working class all over the world will fight for the Soviet Union and strive to give it victory. Stalin pronounced these optimistic words recently, and produced a tremendous military agitation.

Trotskii and Zinoviev also believe that war is imminent, but they are impelled to this belief not because they feel that the strength of both opponents is increasing, but because the strength of capitalism and reaction is growing while the dictatorship of the proletariat is weakening. The present régime in Russia no longer embodies the interests and ideals of the Russian and the world proletariat. If the war comes while this régime is in power, Russia will not be fighting in the name of the world proletariat; the war will merely be a nationalist war like all others, and not a proletarian struggle. In Russia it will unite the working class and the peasants, and if they win world revolution will be defeated. 'The entire advance guard of the world proletariat is now chiefly concerned with preventing war, or at any rate postponing it until the last possible moment, and is adopting a peace-at-any-price policy.' The present régime cannot be trusted to defend Russia, since its warlike agitations would not assist the dictatorship of the proletariat, but would merely feed the growing flame of Russian nationalism. Trotskii's argument, which the majority considers insane and blind, holds two elements responsible for the present condition of affairs — defeatism, and lessened military preparations. If war threatens, or even if it breaks out, Trotskii

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proclaims the right of the Opposition to seize power, taking the example of Clemenceau, who during the World War took over a weak government and was thus able to bring the struggle to a successful close.

The opinions of the two groups differ as much on matters of recent history as on matters of future policy. Both the majority and the Opposition feel profoundly the setback that Bolshevism suffered last April in China through the 'treason' of Chiang Kai-shek. Stalin protested that he had acted in good Lenin style when he supported the Kuomintang Party, even though its purpose was not Communist but bourgeois nationalist. Lenin had said that in colonial countries that were trying to free themselves from the yoke of imperialism the nationalist bourgeois elements should be supported in their revolutionary activity. This explains why the Communistic workers and peasants have been overthrown now that the antiforeign Kuomintang has been successful in its fight against the imperialist Powers. Russian policy in China must not break with the Kuomintang, but it should create a bloc of four classes — the bourgeoisie from the Right Wing of the Kuomintang, the petty bourgeoisie from the Left Wing of the Kuomintang, the workers, and the peasants. Among these groups a mass of revolutionary workers should then be introduced.

True enough, Stalin himself never formulated his standpoint as clearly as this. It remained for Trotskii's pamphlets to state the case. Stalin, too, can attack the bourgeois, traitorous Kuomintang with bitter words, but Trotskii reproaches him with a grave sin of omission. He failed to arm the Chinese worker for revolutionary fighting against the Chinese middle class. He allowed the Kuomintang to stamp out bloody attacks of the land proletariat on the landowners. He withheld from the Russian Party councils such bits of information as showed the really revolutionary activity in China. In Trotskii's mind the only purpose of Bolshevism in China is to spread a real Communist revolution still further, and in order to do this he believes that the city and country proletariat should be armed and organized into local soviets. It is a question of life and death for Russia, for 'the collapse of the Chinese revolution will hasten the day when war will be declared on the Soviet Republic.'

Recent events in England caused a conflict of opinion similar to that revealed in China. When the General Strike broke out and Cook led the coal miners down a revolutionary path, the Bolshevist world hailed England as the youngest and most hopeful adept at world revolution. The General Strike and the coal strike were supported with Russian gold, and several labor leaders were invited to Moscow and instructed to organize Anglo-Russian labor committees into Bolshevist cells and thus to lay the foundations of a European labor movement that would pursue the course of world revolution laid down by Lenin. When all this turned to dust and ashes and the English unions backed away from Moscow after their strike collapsed, Stalin was accused of not having followed the proper Leninistic procedure. Instead of inaugurating a general council of English labor leaders on the day that the strike broke out, and instead of organizing all the purely Communistic elements in England in behalf of the workers, Stalin allowed himself to negotiate with treacherous party leaders and embarked on futile negotiations with anti-Communist Laborites. Trotskii draws hardly any distinction between members of the Right Wing, like Thomas and MacDonald, and adherents of the

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Left, like Purcell and Hicks. The humiliating outcome of the strike has permanently weakened Communism in England. Not once did Stalin attempt to prevent England's Chinese expedition, for fear of endangering the work of the Anglo-Russian Committee, which English indifference soon destroyed.

When Trotskii speaks of the 'return to Europe' he is not only referring to Stalin's having coöperated with the English Labor Party. Stalin did something even worse than that when he made sheep's eyes at the League of Nations. He put through a peace treaty with Switzerland, and instead of allowing the ghost of the murdered Vorovskii to haunt the League councils he had Russia deal more closely with that body. He played false to Bolshevism when he took part in the imperialistic farce of the World Economic Conference. Stalin's return to Europe was answered by the severance of diplomatic relations with England, the natural result of a policy of rapprochement. Trotskii argues that this confirms his opinion and proves that Western capitalism is gradually getting the Soviet State under its wing.

All these questions of foreign policy show that the relations between the Russian Bolsheviki and foreign Communists are intensely controversial, especially in the field where the Komintern (Communist International) works. The Komintern fulfills its classic function by taking advantage of every political and economic difficulty in any part of the world to put across a Communist *coup d'état*. The recent 'success' in Vienna and the Sacco-Vanzetti case have undoubtedly won the approval of both the majority and the Opposition, but the day-by-day policy of the Komintern is incessantly contested.

How are the following facts to be dealt with? Part of the European working class is returning to the Right, and the Communist Party in the more important European countries is growing weaker. Under Stalin's direction the Komintern in all countries has weakened. In opposition to the purely revolutionary programmes of certain radical groups, Stalin has supported moderate Communists who have not given up hope of winning over the Left Wing of the Social Democratic Party. Stalin has also tolerated a certain composure and broadmindedness in the Communist Party, which he thinks essential to its continued growth. Trotskii, on the other hand, feels that revolutionary Communism in Europe enjoys a tremendous prestige, and that tendencies for world revolution are gradually increasing.

Trotskii levels his complaint at the leaders of the Party because of their attitude on world revolution. In the course of his various agitations Trotskii has become familiar with ideas about European foreign policy that give him great vitality and skill. They stand him in good stead in the most essential part of his agitation, and he turns them against his domestic critics, who, he feels, are leading revolutionary Bolshevism to defeat. In his mind foreign and domestic politics are inextricably entangled, and he cannot conceive of Bolshevism flourishing in Russia unless the Bolshevist Revolution quickly develops into world-wide Communist revolution in all capitalist countries. He also feels that the dictatorship of the proletariat has been isolated in Russia much too long, and that it should at once spread elsewhere.

Ten years have passed since the dictatorship of the Russian proletariat was established. Leninism has turned to Stalinism, and Trotskii is filled with pessimistic doubt for the future of his Marxian-Leninistic ideal.

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APOSTLES OF UTOPIA [1]

BY ERNST LOTHAR

A VOLUME deserving considerable attention lies before me. The author, René Fülöp-Miller, whom we must also thank for that penetrating and extraordinary book, *The Mind and Face of Bolshevism*, one of the best-documented studies of modern Russia, has now given us biographical portraits of two outstanding figures in our modern world. He has painted, without bias or malice, two men who have been both revered and cursed — Lenin and Gandhi. His style is clear, understandable, excellent. *Lenin and Gandhi* is the book of the year. These two great men, the machine worshiper and the machine destroyer, sought a common objective, the one with terror, the other with humility. What follows is based on the work of René Fülöp-Miller.

'No! We can't get ahead that way!' said a young man when he heard the news of his brother's condemnation. This brother had tried to assassinate Tsar Alexander III. Later, when the executioner summoned his victim, the same young man proffered no words of sympathy or anguish. He merely repeated, 'We can't get ahead that way,' and those who heard him wore terrified expressions. The young man was seventeen years old at the time. Two years later he appeared, an expelled student, at the meeting of a committee to render relief to famine-stricken Russia. The unknown young man listened to a few speeches and then sprang to his feet shouting, 'No! We want no help!' It would be wrong, he claimed, to alleviate the famine, for that merely meant helping the Tsar. The thing to do was to make hunger more widespread and thus hasten the fall of the detestable régime. He spoke with such vehemence that those who heard him could not keep their seats. They drove him from the platform as a madman. It happened in Samara.

Twenty-eight years later he returned to this platform, but instead of being driven away as a madman he was now worshiped as a god. He had spent twenty-eight years in exile — twenty-eight years in daily danger of his life, twenty-eight years of hard secret work. When he appeared on the tribune of the provisional government at St. Petersburg on November 7, 1917, he was rather fat. Amid thunderous applause, he ran his hands through his hair, constantly squeezing the gray periwig that a theatrical barber had made for him. His profile was typically Russian; there was nothing extraordinary in the pointed pear-shaped high cranium, Asiatic cheek bones, and Mongolian brow. His eyes were small, quick, and black. A bicycle cap stuck out of his pocket, and he looked as though his father might have been a country storekeeper. When the tumult in the room had died down he began to speak. At first he kept both hands in his trousers' pockets, but suddenly he began to emphasize his words with gestures. When he reached the peroration of his radical ideas both hands

[1] From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), *September* 3, 6

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were in the air, but as soon as his speech was finished he returned to his seat and dug his hands into his waistcoat, twitching oddly.

Thus Vladimir Lenin stood and spoke.

He spoke with heat, in a brittle, unmusical voice. He spoke without pathos, without ornament, without sublimity. Lenin was an unbelievably poor orator, — any actor or professional agitator could have done much better, — but the ideas that he expressed were magnificent, upsetting. No melody, no poetic allusions, no burdensome metaphors. He produced facts that carried everything before them.

His quick black eyes had a goal which they pursued relentlessly. The wide lips and rolling mouth that hurled these word-bombs were surrounded by a fantastic gray moustache and pointed beard. This mouth could also laugh, for Lenin was human.

On the evening of the day that Lenin spoke on the tribune at St. Petersburg crowds stormed the Winter Palace and dethroned the Tsar. Russia's Mr. Lenin, a nobody who might be a shopkeeper's son, was in the ascendant. In the days that followed this man sat in the councils of the People's Commissariat and ruled over an empire — a Cromwell risen to Napoleonic heights.

His success did not deceive him, and in the midst of his triumph he remained cold and cautious, and exercised authority at once. In a long-distance telephone conversation with an officer at the fortress of Kronstadt Lenin asked: 'Are you empowered in the name of the Crisis Committee to handle the Army and Navy?'

'Yes.'

'How many men have you at your disposal? We need as many bayonets as possible, but only soldiers that are unconditionally loyal to our cause.'

'Nearly five thousand.'

'When can you have them ready?'

'In twenty-four hours at the most.'

'Have all necessary commissary arrangements been made for them?'

'Yes.'

'Call out the regiment of infantry and prepare to march!'

No superiority, no useless syllables, no note of triumph sounded in his voice. He spoke in simple words, with the precision, coolness, and accurate objectivity of a mathematician.

No sooner did he acquire power than he ruled. But — and this is what gives the whole thing an air of fantasy — he ruled without a government. He had no contact with the provinces, no civil service, no army, no money. He issued decrees in the name of the law. With exceptional precision he gave out orders that brought security to this sea of vagueness. His laws were like the rays from a lighthouse, guiding the ship of state to safety. Suddenly the new government was established, Lenin was at its head, and Russia followed him.

He did not attack things like a weakling or like one who had not made up his mind; the light touch was foreign to his nature. From that famous little desk that had once stood in a peasant's cottage the dictator gave orders to transfer corn, or wrote messages to the politicians of Great Britain. Nothing disturbed his absolute peace, and he did not know the meaning of fear. Lenin's followers called this desk 'immortal.' In 1921, when Moscow was in desperate straits, everybody expected Communism to collapse. At this critical moment Lenin wrote: 'The peasants in the villages of Gorki and Sijanova will be supplied with electric light service immediately.'

At heart he was sentimental, ideal-

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istic, and religious. When he transferred the seat of government from St. Petersburg to Moscow his friends objected; they called it flag-waving and a symbol of Soviet power. But he rudely asked, 'How can one reconcile the hardships and vicissitudes of revolution with sentimental folly?' His religion was pure expediency. He cast off all idealistic philosophies, like those held by the counter-revolutionists, and pursued the direct route of material production. He mobilized his whole organization against religion, and denounced God as 'the archfiend of the Communist State.' He damned every creed, for to him one was as bad as another. He sacrificed faith, art, and learning on the altar of utility.

Fundamentally this man loved power and machines. 'My political opponents,' he said, 'were crushed because they showed a trace of pity. . . . Do you actually believe that you can subdue your enemies without deadly conflict? To think so is an unpardonable weakness and a pacifist illusion!' Or: 'Do you imagine that we could have been victorious in the Revolution without a reign of terror? Or that we could have had a dictator? We could have had mush, but no dictator!' Speaking to Gor'kii of his ruthlessness, he said: 'Can humanity survive in a disorganized camp? Can we permit ourselves to be weak-hearted and generous? Pardon me, we are not imbeciles! We know what we want, and nobody can stop us from doing what we believe is right.' When his wife begged mercy for some people about to be executed, he answered: 'I will hear none of my wife's prayers; they are useless.' He also said: 'Freedom is a bourgeois prejudice.' These examples of his pitilessness show that he developed Bolshevism by heeding past revolutionary experience. The moral code of the new régime was political expediency. 'We all tell lies,' he asserted; 'and morality is developed from external and unnatural class prejudices. We Communists believe that morality was designed in the interests of class warfare.'

Power! If the enemy is strong, a greater force must crush him. Lenin thought pacifism both ridiculous and contemptible. He did not believe in sticking to one course and following it to the limit. The path made no difference, and he changed his policies overnight when the peasantry began to revolt against their wretched condition. He scrapped his radical system of war Communism and went over to the New Economic Policy. Then Dora Kaplan, the social revolutionist, shot him, and shortly thereafter he died. As he grew weaker he hurriedly turned away from his untried systems of private property and gave his attention to concessions to foreign corporations, stabilization of the currency, and commercial guaranties. Was he playing false? Lenin laughed. He had upset Communist economics overnight and substituted something like the capitalist system. Did he lack principle? He laughed again. The old way was false, and the new had much more to offer. The new system should be followed to the limit. No compromise! Power!

Strength and power were to be derived from the machine. The peasantry should be joined more closely to the proletariat, and rustic habits should be abolished. He modeled his reforms on those of Peter the Great, the first Russian revolutionist. Asia and Europe would find a common meeting place in the machine. Away with the mediæval system and mediæval methods of work! The most modern technical ideas would be imported to his nation from Europe and America! Yesterday the Middle Ages, to-day a dicta-

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tor, and to-morrow machines. Motor ploughs. Harvesters. Electrification of the entire country. American, German, and English engineers and workers. An 'Institute for Invention.' A league to propagate the utilization of time to the smallest possible fraction. A new breed of machine workers. The great Russian nation must take on another face. Skyscrapers of concrete, iron, and glass. Russia a super-America, but no submission to foreigners.

Impossible? Lenin laughed. To the will nothing is impossible. Inspired will, inspired organization. This apostle of power had traversed a century of Russian development in a single night.

Lenin was a man whose imperious words could change the mind and face of a million people; a man with astounding objectivity; a man who scorned weakness and sentimentality; a man who felt that the word 'romantic' expressed the height of foolishness and absurdity; a man who embodied hate, worshiped the machine, yet remained a dreamer. In him were combined the doubts of the agnostic and the objectivity of the romantic, exactitude and fantasy, reality and utopia. He was a volcano of cold thought, a genius of icy fire. A strain of asceticism ran through that strong mind of his that worshiped power. When he died the limit had not been reached. He left behind him a Russia that was neither Europe nor Asia. Only chaos remained.

On the other hand we have Gandhi. Here, among a primitive people, lives a man whom we can without blasphemy describe as Christlike. He is the godliest, purest, and most lovable creature on earth. To the Hindu Gandhi is Mahatma, 'bigness of soul.'

Gandhi is ugly. He has a flat, drooping nose, a broad thin mouth, a straggly moustache, and the teeth of his lower jaw are missing. Though every true Hindu lets his hair grow long, Gandhi shaves his head, and his overgrown, crooked ears protrude. No white shirt covers his thin nut-brown body. His neck, arms, and legs are exceedingly small. He is ugly indeed.

But he is also beautiful. In a face far from handsome lie two dark eyes, celestial, sweet, and soft. All light is gathered by these large, open eyes, and all light emanates from them. They are the eyes of a young child in a face fifty-eight years old. There is also the trace of a smile. This smile, always close to the surface, breaks forth as soon as he begins to speak, lingers, then disappears momentarily. Celestial light and laughter illuminate the face of this ugly man. He is beautiful.

Drunkenness does not mark his brow. Romain Rolland has described him with the single word 'determination.' Gandhi does not put himself on a pedestal and strike a virtuous pose. Nor does he attract his followers with fulsome words, miraculous visions, or magic. He does not garb himself in episcopal robes; he is naked, and a strong proof of the saying, 'The naked man is good.'

A hundred million people have heard him. He need only open his lips, and they listen. His platform has six planks and two policies. He teaches the divine duty to spin at home and to use only homespun garments in order to keep the workers busy and his people united, for it is through English imports that they are made subservient. He teaches them to venerate the cow as the symbol of all that is productive. He who humbles himself before this animal deserves mercy from the hands of men and gentle treatment all his days. He teaches unbounded purity, ab-

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stinence, and self-control. In order to paralyze British rule, he teaches non-coöperation between natives and the English. He teaches the equality of the pariah and forbids the ancient belief of uncleanness. He teaches the union of Hindu and Mohammedan into a single Indian nation. These are his six planks. Then he has a twofold policy of Ahimsa and Satyagraha. Ahimsa, or peace, is passive love, while Satyagraha, or power, is active love.

The first thing that strikes one about this programme is its diversity and its combination of religion and politics. It shows Gandhi as both prophet and statesman. He represents humanity, and rules a nation by making statecraft and morality identical. He himself is infinite and authoritative, a unique combination of idealism and reality. He lives like a beggar. 'His whole life,' says Tagore, 'is just another name for sacrifice.' But his sacrifice is made with great serenity, and in harmony with Heaven.

At the age of ten he stole a gold piece from his older brother. Immediately he was so overwhelmed with remorse that he wrote a confession to his sick father. With tears in his eyes the parent read the paper. That moment was the turning point in Gandhi's life, for he saw the strong emotion of his father, who did not offer a single word of reproach, only a silent gesture — Ahimsa, Love is all.

Gandhi lived in Sabarmati, a little town five miles from Ahmadabad. He slept on a piece of linen under the open sky. Books formed his pillow. The walls of his room were bare. He owned a bookcase, a rude writing desk, and a trunk. In the trunk were two cloths woven by himself. They were all the property Gandhi owned. He was as thin and poor as the humblest pariah. At sunrise and at sunset he ate a little rice and skimmed milk, dry bread, lemon, and nuts. He drank neither alcohol, tea, nor coffee. Arising at four in the morning, before the sun was up, he would go out on the terrace that runs along the river, accompanied by Kasturbaj, the girl whom he married when she was twelve years old, and who must submit to this wretched life. Here he would pray. Some of his pupils from the National University at Ahmadabad, from whose flagpole flies the white, green, and red flag of Mahatma, joined those who came to him in the morning to pray and to sing holy songs from the Gita and Upanishads. Dawn ushered in the ascetic's day — a day of sacrifice, a day of teaching, a blessed day. For forty years he lived such a life in peace. When imprisoned — and he spent a great deal of time in jail — he found little difference between life in his own home and in the cell, for with him frugality always came first. While in jail he exhibited his usual remarkable tranquillity of spirit. For forty years he lived like a beggar.

His parents were rich, his father having been Minister of Finance; yet Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, born in the province of Gudsherat, and raised as a rich man's child, became the father of all humanity. Like the rest of his family, he went to school. Then he traveled with some Brahman friends to London to study law. Before he left he swore before a priest that he would touch neither wine, meat, nor woman while he was away. He was eighteen years old at the time.

He left a wife and child behind him, and from Bombay he sailed for Europe, remaining in his cabin during the voyage, since he did not know how to use a knife and fork. Nor was he understood by Europeans or any other foreigners. He could not sleep at night in London because of homesickness. He ate no meat, and shyly

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refused to ask for help, yearning for books, and fasting for a whole week when he could not find a vegetarian restaurant. He made his first address before the members of a vegetarian society. During this same speech he first took the burden of that offensive word 'dogma' upon his shoulders. But he did so with a smile. Twenty-four hours after taking his examinations for the Bar he was on his way home, for he wished to spend no more time than necessary in a foreign country. In Bombay he tried to practise law. What a lawyer! He sought neither clients, trials, nor collection cases, but only righteousness. He dropped cases when he learned that his clients had falsely informed him and were in the wrong, and he did not take over a case without examining it thoroughly to see whether there was any likelihood of falsehood. Finally he gave up this law mill and abandoned all he had gained to live among his poor students. In 1908 a Mohammedan tried to kill him, and Gandhi appeared as a witness for the defense. 'This man,' he said, 'was wrong, for he believed I had injured him, and he sought to avenge the injury. I therefore earnestly beg that nobody appear against him, for I believe in him, and love him, and hope to win his love for me.'

Nobody had ever done such a thing before, and the would-be assassin wrote a letter of deep veneration to Gandhi. Since then three hundred million have been converted to his creed — three hundred million men are enrolled under Mahatma, the uncrowned king of India. With what weapon did he accomplish all this? He scorned the usual methods, and succeeded in winning people to his banner with the weapon of love.

Gandhi maintains that force and hate are futile. Love is the supreme power. He does not spout empty idle words when his eyes shine with celestial light. He speaks real truth. He is a steady star by night, and in the morning his power is great. Great is the sweetness and heavenly the confidence of his knowledge. His every breath is power. He is godly enough to be clothed in a white cloud.

He took the daughter of a pariah into his house, the orphan girl Lakshmi, and called her 'the little Untouchable,' treating her as though she were his own child. She was a symbol for her seven hundred thousand brothers and sisters that are called unclean and Untouchable in India. Thus did Gandhi smash one of the customs of the country, for his example revolutionized the land with love.

Like every apostle, Gandhi is a revolutionist. But he accomplishes his purpose by example and abstention rather than by force. In *Young India* he publishes what is in his heart, and he teaches in the established university. He circulates among the people and spreads his ideas about spinning. Nothing can compare with his persuasive power in advocating hand spinning as a means of uniting India with a common social and national bond. He hopes the home industry will bind all classes together and become the economic foundation of the country. He revolts against the cult of the machine and against the modern manufacture of silk and woven material, and revives the handiwork of past ages. Perhaps it is all absurd. But what lies behind this fantasy? Is not this spinning angel a child in some respects? Yes, but a realist too.

Gandhi traveled far and wide among the Indian people in order to break up the English régime. No Indian, he taught, should pay taxes to England, enlist in the army, take over any government work, or accept any gov-

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ernment appointment. This command he emphasized with prayer and fasting. Once he refrained from eating for twenty-one days — a unique symphony of prayer, abnegation, and statesmanship! Inwardly romantic, but with a realistic goal, this naked man who preaches spinning, and practises it three hours a day, has opposed a Power without using force. In Chauri Chaura some of his followers rebelled against the police and committed many outrages. Ghandi was haled before the law. The prosecution for the State said that he had been guilty of 'inciting a rebellion against the established rule of British India.'

The case was called before the district judge, C. N. Bloomfield, and Gandhi said on the witness stand: 'I do not advocate force. You have your choice between my system of peaceful and quiet resistance and the danger of a furious uprising of the people. I realize, and deeply regret, that the Indian people have been foolish in this instance. I do not ask your pardon, and offer no weak excuse, but I should sincerely like to see an end to all fighting. I have been guilty of breaking a law, and to submit to the law is the highest duty of every citizen. . . .' He related how he had supported England for ten years, and how the hopes which he had placed in her had all gone for naught. Therefore he had turned to the opposing camp of peaceful resistance — a camp disgraced by this single example of force.

When Gandhi had concluded, the judge said: 'There are people here in India who believe that our law does not apply to you, and they would give you freedom. For my part, I am obliged to sentence you to six years' imprisonment, although I wish to say that nobody would be happier than I to let you go free. . . .' The judge closed the case with a prison sentence. Gandhi smiled, curtsied, kissed the hand of the judge, and went to jail for six years.

The prison of Yeroda was not hard. He had his spinning wheel, his books, and his heart. He continued to say, 'I am as happy as a lark.' But prison life made him deathly sick, and an operation was necessary. 'Happy as a lark,' sang the naked, weak, and mighty man.

His life is not unlike that of Lenin, for it springs from reality and works toward utopia. Like Lenin's, it contains a boundless reservoir of power. But Gandhi's utopia is boundless love, a grand utopia extending from the broad heavens to the depths of the earth.

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DARWIN WAS RIGHT[1]

SIR ARTHUR KEITH, M.D., F.R.S.

THE subject of my address is Man's Remote History. Fifty-five years have come and gone since Charles Darwin wrote a history of Man's Descent. How does his work stand the test of time? This is the question I propose to discuss.

In tracing the course of events which led up to our present conception of man's origin, no place could serve as an historical starting point so well as Leeds. In this city was fired the first verbal shot of that long and bitter strife which ended in the overthrow of those who defended the Biblical account of man's creation and in a victory for Darwin. On September 24, 1858, — sixty-nine years ago, — the British Association assembled in this city just as we do to-night; Sir Richard Owen, the first anatomist of his age, stood where I now stand. He had prepared a long address and surveyed, as he was well qualified to do, the whole realm of science; but only those parts which concern man's origin require our attention now. He cited evidence which suggested a much earlier date for the appearance of man on earth than was sanctioned by Biblical records, but poured scorn on the idea that man was merely a transmuted ape. He declared to the assembled Association that the differences between man and ape were so great that it was necessary, in his opinion, to assign mankind to an altogether separate order in the animal kingdom. As this statement fell from the President's lips there was at least one man in the audience whose spirit of opposition was roused — Thomas Henry Huxley, Owen's young and rising antagonist.

I have picked out Huxley from the audience because it is necessary for the development of my theme that we should give him our attention for a moment. We know what Huxley's feelings were toward Owen at the date of the Leeds meeting. Six months before he had told his sister that 'an internecine feud rages between Owen and myself,' and on the eve of his departure for Leeds he wrote to Hooker: 'The interesting question arises: Shall I have a row with the great O. there?' I am glad to say the Leeds meeting passed off amicably, but it settled in Huxley's mind what the 'row' was to be about when it came. It was to concern man's rightful position in the scale of living things.

Two years later, in 1860, when this Association met in Oxford, Owen gave Huxley the opportunity he desired. In the course of a discussion Owen repeated the statement made at Leeds as to man's separate position, claiming that the human brain had certain structural features never seen in the brain of anthropoid apes. Huxley's reply was a brief and emphatic denial, with a promise to produce evidence in due course — which was faithfully kept. This opening passage at arms between our protagonists was followed two days later by that spectacular fight — the most memorable in the history of our

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Association — in which the Bishop of Oxford, the representative of Owen and of orthodoxy, left his scalp in Huxley's hands. To make his victory decisive and abiding, Huxley published, early in 1863, *The Evidences of Man's Place in Nature*, a book which has a very direct bearing on the subject of my discourse. It settled for all time that man's rightful position is among the primates, and that, as we anatomists weigh evidence, his nearest living kin are the anthropoid apes.

My aim is to make clear to you the foundations on which rest our present-day conception of man's origin. The address delivered by my predecessor from this chair at the Leeds meeting of 1858 has given me the opportunity of placing Huxley's fundamental conception of man's nature in an historical setting. I must now turn to another issue which Sir Richard Owen merely touched upon but which is of supreme interest to us now. He spent the summer in London, just as I have done, writing his address for Leeds and keeping an eye on what was happening at scientific meetings. In his case something really interesting happened. Sir Charles Lyell and Sir Joseph Hooker left with the Linnean Society what appeared to be an ordinary roll of manuscript, but what in reality was a parcel charged with high explosives, prepared by two very innocent-looking men — Alfred Russel Wallace and Charles Darwin. As a matter of honesty it must be admitted that these two men were well aware of the deadly nature of its contents, and knew that, if an explosion occurred, man himself, the crown of creation, could not escape its destructive effects. Owen examined the contents of the parcel and came to the conclusion that they were not dangerous; at least, he manifested no sign of alarm in his Presidential Address. He dismissed both Wallace and Darwin, particularly Darwin, in the briefest of paragraphs, at the same time citing passages from his own work to prove that the conception of natural selection as an evolutionary force was one which he had already recognized.

I cannot help marveling over the difference between our outlook to-day and that of the audience which Sir Richard Owen had to face in this city sixty-nine years ago. The vast assemblage which confronted him was convinced, almost without a dissentient, that man had appeared on earth by a special act of creation; whereas the audience which I have now the honor of addressing, and that larger congregation which the wonders of wireless bring within the reach of my voice, if not convinced Darwinists, are yet prepared to believe, when full proofs are forthcoming, that man began his career as a humble primate animal, and has reached his present estate by the action and reaction of biological forces which have been and are ever at work within his body and brain.

This transformation of outlook on man's origin is one of the marvels of the nineteenth century, and to see how it was effected we must turn our attention for a little while to the village of Down in the Kentish uplands and note what Charles Darwin was doing on the very day that Sir Richard Owen was delivering his address here in Leeds. He sat in his study struggling with the first chapter of a new book; but no one foresaw — Owen least of all — that the publication of the completed book, *The Origin of Species*, fifteen months later (1859) was to effect a sweeping revolution in our way of looking at living things and to initiate a new period in human thought — the Darwinian period, in which we still are. Without knowing it, Darwin was a consummate general. He did not launch his first campaign until he had spent twenty-

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two years in stocking his arsenal with ample stores of tested and assorted fact. Having won territory with *The Origin of Species*, he immediately set to work to consolidate his gains by the publication in 1868 of another book, *The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication* — a great and valuable treasury of biological observation. Having thus established an advanced base, he moved forward on his final objective — the problem of human beginnings — by the publication of *The Descent of Man* (1871), and that citadel capitulated to him. To make victory doubly certain he issued in the following year, 1872, *The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals*. Many soldiers of truth had attempted this citadel before Darwin's day, but they failed because they had neither his generalship nor his artillery.

Will Darwin's victory endure for all time? Before attempting to answer this question, let us look at what kind of book *The Descent of Man* is. It is a book of history — the history of man, written in a new way, the way discovered by Charles Darwin. Permit me to illustrate the Darwinian way of writing history. If a history of the modern bicycle had to be written in the orthodox way, then we should search dated records until every stage was found which linked the two-wheeled hobby-horse, bestrode by tall-hatted fashionable men at the beginning of the nineteenth century, to the modern 'jeopardy' which now flashes past us in country lanes. But suppose there were no dated records — only a jumble of antiquated machines stored in the cellar of a museum. We should, in this case, have to adopt Darwin's way of writing history. By an exact and systematic comparison of one machine with another we could infer the relationship of one to another and tell the order of their appearance, but as to the date at which each type appeared and the length of time it remained in fashion we could say very little. It was by adopting this circumstantial method that Darwin succeeded in writing the history of man. He gathered historical documents from the body and behavior of man and compared them with observations made on the body and behavior of every animal which showed the least resemblance to man. He studied all that was known in his day of man's embryological history and noted resemblances and differences in the corresponding histories of other animals. He took into consideration the manner in which the living tissues of man react to disease, to drugs, and to environment; he had to account for the existence of diverse races of mankind. By a logical analysis of his facts Darwin reconstructed and wrote a history of man.

Fifty-six years have come and gone since that history was written; an enormous body of new evidence has poured in upon us. We are now able to fill in many pages which Darwin had perforce to leave blank, and we have found it necessary to alter details in his narrative, but the fundamentals of Darwin's outline of man's history remain unshaken. Nay, so strong has his position become that I am convinced that it never can be shaken.

Why do I say so confidently that Darwin's position has become impregnable? It is because of what has happened since his death in 1882. Since then we have succeeded in tracing man by means of his fossil remains and by his stone implements backward in time to the very beginning of that period of the earth's history to which the name Pleistocene is given. We thus reach a point in history which is distant from us at least two hundred thousand years — perhaps three times that amount. Nay, we have gone further,

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and traced him into the older and longer period which preceded the Pleistocene — the Pliocene. It was in strata laid down by a stream in Java during the latter part of the Pliocene period that Dr. Eugene Dubois found, ten years after Darwin's death, the fossil remains of that remarkable representative of primitive humanity to which he gave the name *Pithecanthropus*, or ape-man; and from Pliocene deposits of East Anglia Mr. Reid Moir has recovered rude stone implements. If Darwin was right, then as we trace man backward in the scale of time he should become more bestial in form — nearer to the ape. That is what we have found. But if we regard *Pithecanthropus* with his small and simple yet human brain as a fair representative of the men of the Pliocene period, then evolution must have proceeded at an unexpectedly rapid rate to culminate to-day in the higher races of mankind.

The evidence of man's evolution from an apelike being, obtained from a study of fossil remains, is definite and irrefutable, but the process has been infinitely more complex than was suspected in Darwin's time. Our older and discarded conception of man's transformation was depicted in that well-known diagram which showed a single file of skeletons, the gibbon at one end and man at the other. In our original simplicity we expected, as we traced man backward in time, that we should encounter a graded series of fossil forms — a series which would carry him in a straight line toward an anthropoid ancestor. We should never have made this initial mistake if we had remembered that the guide to the world of the past is the world of the present. In our time man is represented not by one but by many and diverse races — black, brown, yellow, and white; some of these are rapidly expanding, others are as rapidly disappearing. Our searches have shown that in remote times the world was peopled — sparsely, it is true — with races showing even a greater diversity than those of to-day, and that already the same process of replacement was at work. To unravel man's pedigree we have to thread our way, not along the links of a chain, but through the meshes of a complicated network.

We made another mistake. Seeing that in our search for man's ancestry we expected to reach an age when the beings we should have to deal with would be simian rather than human, we ought to have marked the conditions which prevail among living anthropoid apes. We ought to have been prepared to find, as we approached a distant point in the geological horizon, that the forms encountered would be as widely different as are the gorilla, chimpanzee, and orang, and confined, as these great anthropoids now are, to limited parts of the earth's surface. That is what we are now realizing; as we go backward in time we discover that mankind becomes broken up, not into separate races as in the world of to-day, but into numerous and separate species. When we go into a still more remote past the forms become so unlike that we have to regard them as belonging, not to separate species, but to different genera. It is among this welter of extinct fossil forms which strew the ancient world that we have to trace the zigzag line of man's descent. Do you wonder we sometimes falter and follow false clues?

We committed a still further blunder when we set out on the search for man's ancestry — indeed, some of us are still making it. We expected, not only that man's evolution would pursue an orderly file of stages, but that every part of his body — skull, brain, jaws, feet, skin, body, arms, and legs — would at each stage become a little less apelike, a little more manlike. Our

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searches have shown us that man's evolution has not proceeded in this orderly manner. In some extinct races, while one part of the body has moved forward another part has lagged behind. Let me illustrate this point, because it is important. We now know that, as Darwin sat in his study at Down, there lay hidden at Piltdown, in Sussex, not thirty miles distant from him, sealed up in a bed of gravel, a fossil human skull and jaw. In 1912, thirty years after Darwin's death, Mr. Charles Dawson discovered this skull, and my friend Sir Arthur Smith Woodward described it, and rightly recognized that skull and jaw were parts of the same individual, and that this individual had lived, as was determined by geological and other evidence, in the opening phase of the Pleistocene period. We may confidently presume that this individual was representative of the people who inhabited England at this remote date. The skull, although deeply mineralized and thick-walled, might well have been the rude forerunner of a modern skull, but the lower jaw was so apelike that some experts denied that it went with the human fossil skull at all, and supposed it to be the lower jaw of some extinct kind of chimpanzee. This mistake would never have been made if those concerned had studied the comparative anatomy of anthropoid apes. Such a study would have prepared them to meet with the discordances of evolution. The same irregularity in the progression of parts is evident in the anatomy of *Pithecanthropus*, the oldest and most primitive form of humanity so far discovered. The thigh bone might easily be that of modern man, the skullcap that of an ape, but the brain within that cap, as we now know, had passed well beyond an anthropoid status. If merely a lower jaw had been found at Piltdown, an ancient Englishman would have been wrongly labeled 'higher anthropoid ape'; if only the thigh bone of *Pithecanthropus* had come to light in Java, then an ancient Javanese, almost deserving the title of anthropoid, would have passed muster as a man.

Such examples illustrate the difficulties and dangers which beset the task of unraveling man's ancestry. There are other difficulties; there still remain great blanks in the geological record of man's evolution. As our search proceeds these blanks will be filled in, but in the meantime let us note their nature and their extent. By the discovery of fossil remains we have followed man backward to the close of the Pliocene, a period which endured at least for a quarter of a million years, but we have not yet succeeded in tracing him through this period. It is true that we have found fossil teeth in Pliocene deposits which may be those of an apelike man or of a manlike ape; until we find other parts of their bodies we cannot decide. When we pass into the still older Miocene period — one which was certainly twice as long as the Pliocene — we are in the heyday of anthropoid history. Thanks to the labors of Dr. Guy E. Pilgrim, of the Indian Geological Survey, we know already of a dozen different kinds of great anthropoids which lived in Himalayan jungles during middle and later Miocene times; we know of at least three other kinds of great anthropoids which lived in the contemporary jungles of Europe. Unfortunately, we have found as yet only the most resistant parts of their bodies — teeth and fragments of jaw. Do some of these fragments represent a human ancestor? We cannot decide until a lucky chance brings to light a limb bone or a piece of skull, but no one can compare the teeth of these Miocene anthropoids with those of primitive man, as has been done so thoroughly by Professor William K. Gregory, and es-

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cape the conviction that in the dentitions of the extinct anthropoids of the Miocene jungles we have the ancestral forms of human teeth.

It is useless to go to strata still older than the Miocene in search of man's emergence; in such strata we have found only fossil traces of emerging anthropoids. All the evidence now at our disposal supports the conclusion that man has arisen, as Lamarck and Darwin suspected, from an anthropoid ape not higher in the zoölogical scale than a chimpanzee, and that the date at which human and anthropoid lines of descent began to diverge lies near the beginning of the Miocene period. On our modest scale of reckoning, that gives man the respectable antiquity of about one million years.

Our geological search, which I have summarized all too briefly, has not produced so far the final and conclusive evidence of man's anthropoid origin; we have not found as yet the human *imago* emerging from its anthropoid encasement. Why, then, do modern anthropologists share the conviction that there has been an anthropoid stage in our ancestry? They are no more blind than you are to the degree of difference which separates man and ape in structure, in appearance, and in behavior. I must touch on the sources of this conviction only in a passing manner. Early in the present century Professor G. H. F. Nuttall, of Cambridge University, discovered a trustworthy and exact method of determining the affinity of one species of animal to another by comparing the reactions of their blood. He found that the blood of man and that of the great anthropoid apes gave almost the same reaction. Bacteriologists find that the living anthropoid body possesses almost the same susceptibilities to infections, and manifests the same reactions, as does the body of man. So alike are the brains of man and anthropoid in their structural organization that surgeons and physiologists transfer experimental observations from the one to the other. When the human embryo establishes itself in the womb it throws out structures of a most complex nature to effect a connection with the maternal body. We now know that exactly the same elaborate processes occur in the anthropoid womb, and in no other. We find the same vestigial structures — the same 'evolutionary postmarks' — in the bodies of man and anthropoid. The anthropoid mother fondles, nurses, and suckles her young in the human manner. This is but a tithe of the striking and intimate points in which man resembles the anthropoid ape. In what other way can such a myriad of coincidences be explained except by presuming a common ancestry for both?

The crucial chapters in Darwin's *Descent of Man* are those in which he seeks to give an historical account of the rise of man's brain and of the varied functions which that organ subserves. How do these chapters stand to-day? Darwin was not a professional anatomist, and therefore accepted Huxley's statement that there was no structure in the human brain that was not already present in that of the anthropoid. In Huxley's opinion the human brain was but a richly annotated edition of the simpler and older anthropoid book, and this edition, in turn, was but the expanded issue of the still older original primate publication. Since this statement was made thousands of anatomists and physiologists have studied and compared the brain of man and ape. Only a few months ago Professor G. Elliot Smith summarized the result of this intensive inquiry as follows: 'No structure found in the brain of an ape is lacking in the human brain, and, on the other hand, the human brain re-

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veals no formation *of any sort* that is not present in the brain of the gorilla or chimpanzee. . . . The only distinctive feature of the human brain is a quantitative one.' The difference is only quantitative, but its importance cannot be exaggerated. In the anthropoid brain are to be recognized all those parts which have become so enormous in the human brain. It is the expansion of just those parts which has given man his powers of feeling, understanding, acting, speaking, and learning.

Darwin himself approached this problem not as an anatomist but as a psychologist, and after many years of painstaking and exact observation succeeded in convincing himself that, immeasurable as are the differences between the mentality of man and ape, they are of degree, not of kind. Prolonged researches made by modern psychologists have but verified and extended Darwin's conclusions. No matter what line of evidence we elect to follow, — evidence gathered by anatomists, by embryologists, by physiologists, or by psychologists, — we reach the conviction that man's brain has been evolved from that of an anthropoid ape, and that in the process no new structure has been introduced and no new or strange faculty interpolated.

In these days our knowledge of the elaborate architecture and delicate machinery of the human brain makes rapid progress, but I should mislead if I suggested that finality is in sight. Far from it; our inquiries are but begun. There is so much we do not yet understand. Will the day ever come when we can explain why the brain of man has made such great progress while that of his cousin the gorilla has fallen so far behind? Can we explain why inherited ability falls to one family and not to another, or why, in the matter of cerebral endowment, one race of mankind has fared so much better than another? We have as yet no explanation to offer, but an observation made twenty years ago by one on whom nature has showered great gifts — a former President of this Association and the doyen of British zoölogists, Sir E. Ray Lankester — deserves quotation in this connection: 'The leading feature in the development and separation of man from other animals is undoubtedly the relative enormous size of the brain in man and the corresponding increase in its activities and capacity. It is a striking fact that it was not in the ancestors of man alone that this increase in the size of the brain took place at this same period — the Miocene. Other great mammals of the early Tertiary period were in the same case.' When primates made their first appearance in geological records they were, one and all, small-brained. We have to recognize that the tendency to increase of brain, which culminated in the production of the human organ, was not confined to man's ancestry, but appeared in diverse branches of the mammalian stock at a corresponding period of the earth's history.

I have spoken of Darwin as an historian. To describe events and to give the order of their occurrence is the easier part of an historian's task; his real difficulties begin when he seeks to interpret the happenings of history, to detect the causes which produced them, and explain why one event follows as a direct sequel to another. Up to this point we have been considering only the materials for man's history, and placing them, so far as our scanty information allows, in the order of their sequence, but now we have to seek out the biological processes and controlling influences which have shaped the evolutionary histories of man and ape. The evolution of new types of man or of ape is one thing, and the evolution of

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new types of motor cars is another, yet for the purposes of clear thinking it will repay us to use the one example to illustrate the other. In the evolution of motor vehicles Darwin's law of selection has prevailed; there has been severe competition, and the types which have answered best to the needs and tastes of the public have survived. The public has selected on two grounds — first for utility, thus illustrating Darwin's law of natural selection, and secondly because of appearance's sake; for, as most people know, a new car has to satisfy not only the utilitarian demands of its prospective master but also the æsthetic tastes of its prospective mistress, therein illustrating Darwin's second law — the law of sexual selection. That selection, both utilitarian and æsthetic, is producing an effect on modern races of mankind and in surviving kinds of ape, as Darwin supposed, cannot well be questioned. In recent centuries the interracial competition among men for the arable lands of the world is keener than in any known period of human history.

The public has selected its favored types of car, but it has had no direct hand in designing and producing modifications and improvements which have appeared year after year. To understand how such modifications are produced the inquirer must enter a factory and not only watch artisans shaping and fitting parts together but also visit the designer's office. In this way an inquirer will obtain a glimpse of the machinery concerned in the evolution of motor cars. If we are to understand the machinery which underlies the evolution of man and of ape, we have to enter the 'factories' where they are produced — look within the womb and see the ovum being transformed into an embryo, the embryo into a fœtus, and the fœtus into a babe. After birth we may note infancy passing into childhood, childhood into adolescence, adolescence into maturity, and maturity into old age. Merely to register the stages of change is not enough; to understand the controlling machinery we have to search out and uncover the processes which are at work within developing and growing things and the influences which coördinate and control all the processes of development and of growth. When we have discovered the machinery of development and of growth we shall also know the machinery of evolution, for they are the same.

If the simile I have used would sound strange in Darwin's ear could he hear it, the underlying meaning would be familiar to him. Over and over again he declared that he did not know how 'variations' were produced, favorable or otherwise; nor could he have known, for in his time hormones were undreamed of and experimental embryology scarcely born. With these recent discoveries new vistas opened up for students of evolution. The moment we begin to work out the simile I have used and compare the evolutionary machinery in a motor factory with that which regulates the development of an embryo within the womb, we realize how different the two processes are. Let us imagine for a moment what changes would be necessary were we to introduce 'embryological processes' into a car factory. We have to conceive a workshop teeming with clustering swarms of microscopic artisans, mere specks of living matter. In one end of this factory we find swarms busy with cylinders, and as we pass along we note that every part of a car is in process of manufacture, each part being the business of a particular brigade of microscopic workmen. There is no apprenticeship in this factory; every employee is born, just as a hive bee is, with his skill already fully developed.

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No plans or patterns are supplied; every workman has the needed design in his head from birth. There is neither manager, overseer, nor foreman to direct and coördinate the activities of the vast artisan armies. And yet if parts are to fit when assembled, if pinions are to mesh and engines run smoothly, there must be some method of coördination. It has to be a method plastic enough to permit difficulties to be overcome when such are encountered and to permit the introduction of advantageous modifications when these are needed. A modern works manager would be hard put to it were he asked to devise an automatic system of control for such a factory, yet it is just such a system that we are now obtaining glimpses of in the living workshops of nature.

I have employed a crude simile to give the lay mind an inkling of what happens in that 'factory' where the most complicated of machines are forged — the human body and brain. The fertilized ovum divides and redivides; one brood of microscopic living units succeeds another, and as each is produced the units group themselves to form the 'parts' of an embryo. Each 'part' is a living society; the embryo is a huge congeries of interdependent societies. How are their respective needs regulated, their freedoms protected, and their manœuvres timed? Experimental embryologists have begun to explore and discover the machinery of regulation. We know enough to realize that it will take many generations of investigators to work over the great and new field which is thus opening up. When this is done we shall be in a better position to discuss the cause of 'variation' and the machinery of evolution.

If we know only a little concerning the system of government which prevails in the developing embryo, we can claim that the system which prevails in the growing body, as it passes from infancy to maturity, is becoming better known to us every year. The influence of the sex glands on the growth of the body has been known since ancient times; their removal in youth leads to a transformation in the growth of every part of the body, altering at the same time the reactions and temperament of the brain. In more recent years medical men have observed that characteristic alterations in the appearance and constitution of the human body can be produced by the action of other glands — the pituitary, thyroid, parathyroid, and adrenals. Under the disorderly action of one or other of these glands individuals may, in the course of a few years, take on so changed an appearance that the differences between them and their fellows become as great as, or even greater than, those which separate one race of mankind from another. The physical characters which are thus altered are just those which mark one race off from another. How such effects are produced we did not know until 1904, when the late Professor E. H. Starling, a leader among the great physiologists of our time, laid bare an ancient and fundamental law in the living animal body — his law of hormones. I have pictured the body of a growing child as an immense society made up of myriads of microscopic living units, ever increasing in numbers. One of the ways — probably the oldest and most important way — in which the activities of the communities of the body are coördinated and regulated is by the postal system discovered by Starling, wherein the missives are hormones — chemical substances in ultramicroscopic amounts, dispatched from one community to another in the circulating blood. Clearly the discovery of this ancient and intricate system opens up fresh vistas to the student of

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man's evolution. How Darwin would have welcomed this discovery! It would have given him a rational explanation to so many of his unsolved puzzles, including that of 'correlated variations.' Nor can I in this connection forbear to mention the name of one who presided so ably over the affairs of this Association fifteen years ago — Sir E. Sharpey-Schafer. He was the pioneer who opened up this field of investigation, and has done more than anyone to place our knowledge of the nature and action of the glands of internal secretion on a precise basis of experimental observation. With such sources of knowledge being ever extended, and others of great importance, such as the study of heredity, which have been left unmentioned, we are justified in the hope that man will be able in due time not only to write his own history but to explain how and why events took the course they did.

Briefly I have attempted to answer a question of momentous importance to all of us — What is man's origin? Was Darwin right when he said that man, under the action of biological forces which can be observed and measured, has been raised from a place among anthropoid apes to that which he now occupies? The answer is Yes; and in returning this verdict I speak but as foreman of the jury — a jury which has been impaneled from men who have devoted a lifetime to weighing the evidence. To the best of my ability I have avoided, in laying before you the evidence on which our verdict was found, the rôle of special pleader, being content to follow Darwin's own example — to let the truth speak for itself.

KEITH OR MOSES?[1]

BY R. B.

Sir Arthur Keith's presidential address to the British Association on Darwinism has aroused a good deal of discussion in the press; but most of the discussion seems to be rather wide of the mark. The same perhaps might almost be said of Sir Arthur Keith's own utterance in so far as it was to be regarded as a defense of Darwin and Darwinism; for he scarcely touched upon the real issues which are nowadays troubling the minds of men and making scientists and laymen alike skeptical of the theory of natural selection as an explanation of the origin of man — or of any other species of animal or vegetable.

Sir Arthur Keith, of course, is a sternly old-fashioned Darwinian — much more Darwinian than that very great scientist Charles Darwin would probably be if he were alive to-day. Sir Arthur is a 'great authority,' in a certain limited sense, on anatomical anthropology, but he has never exhibited any of that imaginative grasp of his subject which is characteristic of every first-rate scientific thinker, and has always been more than content to interpret his own careful ob-

[1] From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), *September* 10

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servations in terms of the ready-made formulas which he imbibed in the nineteenth century. In his address to the British Association last week he was content to summarize the growing mass of evidence which points to the close physiological affinity between man and the anthropoid apes. This evidence he suggested established the Darwinian theory not only upon a firmer, but upon a positively unshakable, basis. He seemed entirely to overlook — or else deliberately ignored — the fact that the modern attack upon Darwinism questions not at all the possible cousinship of men and apes, but the 'Darwinian' account of how the transformation from ape to man was brought about. It is not the hypothetical ancestry of man, but the whole theory of natural selection, that is being challenged nowadays.

Only in one sentence at the very end of his address did Sir Arthur Keith refer to this side of the question. He restated Darwin's theory as being that 'man, under the action of biological forces which can be observed and measured, has been raised from a place among anthropoid apes to that which he now occupies.' Whether that is really a fair restatement of what Darwin wrote is a question which need not concern us here. It is at any rate an authoritative expression of the views of the modern school of orthodox Darwinians. And the short reply to it is that it is a purely dogmatic view which cannot in fact be supported by a single shred of scientific evidence. The 'biological forces' to which Sir Arthur Keith refers have *never* been 'observed' in any single instance, and still more certainly have never been 'measured.' What indeed the speaker can have had in his mind when he spoke of the 'measuring' of the entirely hypothetical 'forces' of natural selection we cannot imagine. It is possible perhaps from the 'record of the rocks' to make some very approximate calculation of the rate of change of any given species, but of the 'forces' behind that change — well, there is no evidence, except the fact of change, that they exist at all. To talk of 'measuring' them is absurd. Our zoölogists know of no species that has ever made 'progress' by reason of natural selection. Such a thing *may* have happened, — it would be difficult to prove the contrary, — but there is not a single established scientific fact to show that it ever has happened.

All the evidence that has accumulated since Darwin's day suggests that 'evolution' has proceeded by a series of wholly inexplicable jumps. Even Sir Arthur Keith himself admitted that 'there still remain great blanks in the geological record of man's evolution.' In other words, no trace has been found of any intermediate species between man and ape. The missing link is still missing — and seems likely to remain missing. That there have been great jumps at certain periods, especially in the evolution of the brain both of men and of other mammals, seems to be certain. But the origin and nature of those jumps remain a complete mystery which biological science has not begun even to attempt to explain. There appears to have been a rapid increase in the size and complexity of the brains of many vertebrates in the Miocene period. Why? Why? 'If,' writes Professor J. Arthur Thomson, 'an ancestral humanoid stock suddenly mutated in the direction of a larger and more complex brain, that was a mutation congruent with previous advances in the Primates. Sir Ray Lankester has pointed out that in the Miocene times, when Hominidæ may have been separating off from Simiidæ, there was a great increase of brain in several other mammalian types such as the elephants. *Why this should have been so*

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we do not know. There may have been some penetrating environmental stimulus. . . .' But again, why? We simply do not know at all. It happened, and we have as yet, in point of fact, no *more* plausible explanation of the event than may be suggested by the first or second chapter of Genesis. Since Darwin's day we have learned our ignorance in these matters. We have failed to discover any evidence whatever of a *gradual* evolutionary progress. We have accumulated an enormous mass of scientific data demonstrating the fact of 'evolution,' but we really know no more than Aristotle knew about the fundamental 'biological forces' which have made men out of apes. We still seem to need the hypothesis of some external and purposive 'creative' force to make the process of evolution intelligible.

As for natural selection, it is a theory which has had its day, — its very well-deserved day, — but which will never again, we imagine, be defended without grave and almost stultifying qualifications in the open court of such a body of scientists as the British Association. In its origin it was a brilliant and superficially convincing theory which has been of immense value as a provisional hypothesis; but two generations of biologists have failed to find any evidence to support it. That some such selective force operates is, of course, obvious, — that is, a real weakling is likely to die before he has procreated, — but there is no evidence whatever that this force acts as a *progressive* force. There has been no sign of even the tiniest improvement in the brains or bodies of men in historical times. For all indeed that we actually know there may be no men alive to-day who are the equals mentally or physically of the Greeks of the Periclean age. At any rate men have not appreciably 'evolved' since then, or since any Hittite or Assyrian age of which we have any knowledge. The biological evidence — such as it is — seems to suggest that our Cro-Magnon ancestors of twenty-five thousand years ago may have been superior to us in all respects save those which depend upon our accumulation of knowledge and our educational systems.

In short, there is no available evidence to show that the principle of natural selection, as formulated by Charles Darwin or anyone else, has ever done anything to improve the breed of men or of apes or of any other animals. If we accept it at all as an appreciable factor in biological change, it would seem rather to have tended toward stabilization than toward progress. Let us agree that it kills the weaklings; but if it cuts off the extremes at one end, it also seems to cut them off at the other. It is not clear that it ever leads to secular change or 'evolution' of any kind. On the contrary, there is plenty of evidence to suggest (see the works of Professor Karl Pearson *passim*) that reversion to type is invariable and even mathematically measurable; and that if mental or physical abnormalities are inherited at all, they are inherited by each generation in a decreasing degree. Sir Arthur Keith has stated this week that 'the great truth of evolution is that nothing can stand still.' But the facts of biology suggest rather that everything tends to stand almost still, — apart from the inexplicable 'jumps,' — that the normal process of life is degeneration qualified by the stabilizing force of natural selection. Geology provides ample evidence of the fact of higher biological forms having arisen out of lower, but it provides no single hint either of the *modus operandi* or of the cause of the change. Natural selection has never been observed in operation. It remains a pure hypothesis, and in view of later knowl-

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edge a much less plausible hypothesis than it was when Darwin first advanced it seventy years ago.

If men or elephants or apes or mice have 'evolved' in a progressive sense, it is by a process which still remains utterly mysterious and of which no biologist has yet been able to offer an even plausible explanation. From where did we get our brains and our 'souls'? All the scientific evidence is against the idea of their having come to us gradually by small increment after small increment. There may have been certain crucial junctures — or, to use Professor J. A. Thomson's phrase, some 'special spiritual influx' — from time to time. Who knows? We do not, and obviously Sir Arthur Keith does not. Where he speaks of 'gaps' most modern biologists now speak of 'sudden mutations.' To postulate a beneficent Creator to explain these extraordinary occurrences may not perhaps be necessary, but as things stand the story of the origin of Man told by Moses is at least as acceptable as the story preferred by the loyally Darwinian Sir Arthur Keith. The theory of natural selection as an explanation of the evolution of man from mollusk no longer holds water. We want to know about that 'sudden' appearance of 'brain.' What did it mean? What was its cause?

It is surely obvious that it is in the answer to those questions and not in any 'record of the rocks' that the fundamental clue to any understanding of the fact of 'evolution' must be sought. It is just possible to believe that a tiger with longer claws than his fellows may have had some slight advantage over them and have preserved and been able to feed a more numerous progeny. But this odd 'influx' of brains — where did that come from? And why should there have been any such influx? If it was not arranged by Jehovah, how was it arranged? Biological science is aware of these problems, but has not yet attempted to solve them. For that failure it may perhaps readily be forgiven, but while such questions remain unanswered its spokesmen have certainly no right to speak with the dogmatic assurance with which Sir Arthur Keith spoke last week. He knows a great deal, no doubt, about skulls and jawbones and suchlike, but about the really fundamental problems of 'evolution' he knows no more, and seems to have thought no more, than any reader of this article — or even than its writer.

Why men's brains are so different from those of apes, why, if great stature be an advantage, no race eight or ten feet tall instead of six feet has been evolved, why there has been no perceptible change in the mental or physical make-up of men within the historical period of five thousand years or so — these are questions which the *soi-disant* Darwinians cannot and do not attempt to answer. Yet obviously they are fundamental. The 'record of the rocks' — that is to say, the geological evidence — is convincing enough as evidence of the great and 'progressive' changes which have occurred in the biological development of human, animal, and vegetable species. But natural selection does not offer to the twentieth-century mind a credible explanation of these changes. We want to know why brains were suddenly expanded in the Miocene age, and we want to know why the President of the British Association has nothing whatever to say about these plainly crucial and widely canvassed questions. Who cares whether the blood of an anthropoid ape 'reacts' to various tests in a manner closely similar to that of human blood? It may be so, or it may not be so. The point is neither interesting nor important. It is impossible to be seriously interested in the difference (if any) between the blood of a chimpanzee

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and of a stoat. As a question of chemical reaction the difference may be vast, but the gulf between the two is not in any sense comparable to the great mental and emotional gulf that separates men from animals. It is a gulf very difficult to define, but it is as broad almost as the division between animals and vegetables — perhaps even a good deal broader. Who knows? At any rate, the theory of natural selection offers not even a tentatively acceptable explanation of the way in which that gulf was bridged. Something very extraordinary must have happened at some time, but of what exactly it was Sir Arthur Keith seems to know no more than Moses did.

TRUE TALES OF RUMANIA[1]

BY HENRI BARBUSSE

[THESE accounts of recent atrocities in Rumania will appear in book form this autumn. The editor of *Pester Lloyd* announces that M. Barbusse allowed him to print the material below in advance of the appearance of the original book in French.]

'THE worst thing of all about the Rumanian prisons,' said Catareu, 'is the chains — burdensome, painful, and cold; thirty-three pounds of iron and ice; an intolerable burden that you drag behind you, and that drags you down, too. They exhaust whatever strength you have; they oppress you when you sit still, and bite into your flesh when you walk.

'Yet you seldom see your chains, for you live forgotten in an underground dungeon where it is night at night and evening by day. Occasionally, however, if you are led to another part of the prison, or are taken before the chief warden or the judge, you see this black, inescapable monster that follows you wherever you go, seizing hold of your wrists and ankles with its metal jaws. Though my chains lay on the ground, they seemed to be alive.'

He looked through a window at the Rumanian border in the distance, — the other four faces also turned in the same direction, — and he seemed to see his chains again, wound about him and alive. His expression, recently so joyful at the thought of freedom, darkened once more, and, strong man that he was, he began to cry like a child. The country they surveyed was not far distant, for the five of them had just crossed the Bulgarian frontier and left Rumania, which they beheld with a sense of wonder, as an Alpine climber looks at the mountains he has overcome. We had been invited to Eridneh Capon's little wooden house to spend the evening talking of the terrible experiences these five men had had. For my part, I was merely a listener, but I knew that what these people were saying was true, and as I listened I found it hard to believe that they were talking about things that happened in Europe in the year 1926.

'Yes, the chains are bad; but there

[1] From *Pester Lloyd* (Budapest German-Hungarian daily), *August* 14

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are worse things than that,' said Spiridon — 'the cage.

'The cage is a kind of watchcase, as Vasilius Spiru has said. You are wedged in there upright, and for the first hour you cannot move your hands, but stand as stiff as a wooden soldier. This is prison and strait-jacket, coffin and armor, all combined.'

We knew what this thing looked like, but Spiridon gave us a new picture of it. His whole body seemed to quiver as he spoke — so much so, in fact, that we felt ourselves quivering too.

'You remain in this cage ten days, and all you get to eat is water and a bit of corn bread — though often you go for long stretches without eating at all. After three days your feet swell up and tumors appear. Then your chains bite into your skin and seem to devour your very body. Often, after a day of rest, since people frequently collapse, the victim is put back again for ten days.'

'How about the *gherla?*' asked Jon. 'Tell about that.'

'It is a hole hewn out of stone. When you stand upright in it your trunk emerges, but the rest of you has vanished underground, so that you look more or less like a frog. You are also bound fast and locked in with chains wound about you so many times that your body just fills the aperture. Here you stay for from three to twelve months, and three times a week you receive a miserable portion of beans. Often water seeps in through the side of your prison.'

'When I looked at myself in the mirror after my return to the outer world,' said Jon, 'I saw before me an old man. I looked like my own father's poor brother. Let no man contradict me, for if any of you calls me a liar I can only say that I wish I were one and that I had never endured these experiences.'

Virgil then raised his voice and took up the dreary refrain. 'There are still worse tortures — the torture of hammer strokes across the legs, and cutting your skin. These, however, are stopped in time to prevent you from dying, for there are many ways of killing a man, and sickness is the favorite method.'

'The cage and the gherla produce deadly diseases,' said Spiridon and Jon.

'I will tell of another sickness that invariably follows the thrashings they administer. I'll speak of what is known as the spotted typhus, to give the disease its true name. Yes, indeed, this is another way of taming Rumanian political prisoners. One does not see it in public, but it is practised just the same.

'The filthy prison of Galata is infested with this disease. Below the surface of the earth and behind the cover of the walls in the dark recesses of this prison's towers, this disease has established itself, and even seems to have eaten itself into the pillars and foundations themselves. Naturally those suffering from typhus live with the other prisoners, and when their bodies have wasted away the vermin leave them and attach themselves to the healthier survivors. You see the trick — the death penalty is against the law, but they get around it by means of these insects, each of which carries the microbes of disease. At times your whole skin is alive with the creatures and looks like a sheet of newspaper with moving type.

'One-eyed Simeon spent three months with us almost unconscious. He kicked and ranted from morning until night and from night until morning. Though he suffered from cramps in the legs, the doctor paid no attention to them, and merely gave him camomile tea. Twenty-five of us prisoners were packed into the same cell with him, and we knew perfectly well what was the trouble, what it was

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that made him writhe and moan. Our mattresses were stuffed with filthy hay, and were never dry and never cleaned. After eight days one of us asked the warden when Simeon was going to be allowed to take a bath. The warden turned red in the face, and shouted indignantly: "A bath? He can go for five years without a bath. Others have gone seven years without one. And I'd like to ask what business it is of yours, anyway?" You can see what conditions were. We wore prison clothes that others had left behind them. We were nourished on warm water, though they called it tea, on cold mush and dirty lukewarm bean soup, and there we lay unwashed, without wardens, and only attended by a doctor ignorant of medicine. Poisonous vermin attacked us. If we attempted to escape, then, and then only, was the death penalty exacted.

'People often hoped that they were undergoing a frightful dream. We would grind our teeth and clench our fists, and the smell from Simeon's bed made us feel in the presence of living death.

'One night Simeon died. On the following day we were called upon to take off our clothes and have them steamed over a kettle. You can imagine how much this feeble jet of vapor did to clean a cell that should have been disinfected with burning fire and floods of water. Although the wardens and the personnel of the prison were supposed to bring us food, they kept away — disappeared completely. Soldiers finally took over their work, yet even these were imprisoned soldiers. That night they got drunk and sneaked Simeon out of his bed, took him away, and buried him. On that same day Vasili the bandit, Fedor the pickpocket, and Wasja the political prisoner all fell sick one after the other. No one looked after them. The overseers of the prison, as I have said before, paid no attention to us anyway. They lay concealed in waiting, murderers of the prisoners and accomplices of the typhus germs.

'The condition of the three sick men horrified me. All of them cried out in lamentation against their earthly fate. Wasja, who was sentenced because he would not let an official steal his little field, — this is called politics, — cried at the top of his voice, "Justice is justice." Vasili believed that he was surrounded and being suffocated by policemen, and supplicated the god of the bandits to come to his aid. The thief Fedor cried out against his comrades and the police, with whom he shared his booty, as is the custom in Rumania. It seems that his imprisonment was due to his having fallen out with these authorities.

'These three crying sufferers were dead and buried within six days, and nothing was left of them but three white heaps of earth marking the place where they lay. The rest of us, beset with terror, continued to wait for official judgment to be passed upon our cases.

'It seems that during that period there were sixteen other cases of typhus among the prisoners in Galata. Spiru told me what he had seen, and he was perfectly sure of his facts. A white-haired farmer had been arrested and sentenced to fifteen days. Fifteen days is not a long time, but the man was impatient to get out just the same. Three days before his release he seemed visibly weaker, and on the evening before he was to depart he collapsed in a white, inert heap from which the spark of life had been extinguished. The commander of the prison, Constantine Cornat, general director of all the prisons in Greater Rumania, returned to his Bessarabian estates when they told him about the epidemic of typhus,

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whose development he had known about for a long time.

'The situation was tense, and he sent back word to Galata as quickly as he could: "Let none of the workers in my fields be sentenced to imprisonment in Galata." He knew that disciplinary measures should have been taken to prevent the spread of this epidemic.'

Next came Theodor, with a still more terrible story. Shaking his shaved convict's head, he began his tale in this way: 'In Jilava, too, we were mistreated, beaten, and one after another of us carried to the cemetery. We suffered, however, from other things besides torture and filth, because we were told that our cause was hopeless. We said to ourselves that our voices were stifled, for some of us had spent five years in prison and had been sentenced to ten or more. Was the Revolution imprisoned with us and condemned to death? It seemed that everything we had done, all our hard work, had gone for naught. And the tenderness of a wife and children seemed earthly paradise after all the woes we had suffered. But we had squandered our freedom and could never expect such happiness.

'The flame of hope was extinguished in our breasts, and we lay prostrate on the ground like beaten animals. The prison authorities paid no attention to our condition. Almost mechanically, we embarked on a hunger strike. Assuredly nothing could be worse than what we were suffering, and if we were bound to die anyway it was better to perish like free men and at least have the satisfaction of having by our own action avoided being clawed to death by those who held us. Twenty-four of us went eight days without touching food, and the authorities did nothing to hinder us. Yet by exhausting our bodies we were nourishing our determination. And still the hunger strike went on. It was astonishing how long it lasted. The Minister of War finally surprised everyone by intervening. We were given the most lenient treatment possible under the circumstances, and granted a brief residence in other quarters, where we read a few dull newspapers. We suffered no more tortures, and no more imprisonments in the cage.

'Some of us said that this was fine; others felt that the authorities were getting worried. At the end of April the director of the prison came to see us, and said: "On the first of May our Orthodox Church celebrates Easter. On that day you can have meat, cakes, and wine." And he ended by saying, "Christ is risen!"

'"Many thanks!" we all cried as one man, but he seemed not to hear us, and continued: "That's not all. The first of May is also the workers' holiday, and you can celebrate that occasion as you please. Sing and dance on the first of May to your hearts' content." This man seldom spoke to us, and what he had said was dumfounding. We were allowed to organize our May Day celebration as if we were at home, or, better still, in a free country. On this May Day revolutionary songs were sung in Jilava. We made speeches just as if it were a real meeting, my friends. A chairman and president were appointed, and the speeches explained the significance of the first of May to an audience composed of political prisoners and a number of thieves and murderers. Yet no one present was a bit worse than a great many people who walk freely through the world.

'In accordance with the schedule we had arranged for the day, we ended our festivities with songs, and the soldiers on guard who marched around a wall twenty-five feet above the underground fortress were astounded at the singing that thundered up from below. As

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evening fell we were taken back to our regular cells, but it was even more terrible than usual to be cooped up after such a day, for we had been granted a glimpse of the stars of heaven that we had not seen for years, and that some of us would never see again.'

Theodor stopped.

'And then?'

'Nothing. It was just the same as before; and since it was the same, it actually seemed worse after our celebration, if you understand me. The old prison routine recommenced, and all our speeches might as well have been made in a dead language. A flame of hope had been kindled in our breasts, only to be extinguished, and darkness fell upon us again — darkness, silence, and despair, to say nothing of tortures and other injustices. It was, I repeat, even more terrible than before.

'We are told that during the Inquisition the inquisitors had a way of implanting in the breasts of their imprisoned victims the belief that they might possibly escape. On a certain night, for instance, the wardens would disappear, leaving the doors open and allowing the prisoners to get just to the edge of the outer world. But as soon as they had set foot on free soil they were arrested and thrown back into jail again.

'This is exactly what happened to us. We were prevented from becoming entirely resigned to our lot. Instead we had been granted an hour of pleasure, which made us more discontented than ever with our fate. The martyrs of whom I have spoken, comrades, and whose fate we share, were treated in such a way that all their animal nature was tortured to the utmost. But this warped version of a workers' celebration held in the gray gloom of a bear pit guarded by police officers did violence to the human and not the bestial element within us.'

When this speech was concluded the five men arose and sought a place to rest, for it was late, and the next morning they were going to set forth in search of a new life. One of them muttered: 'When will the Rumanian people understand that they are all like that troop of prisoners who are now and then allowed some kind of celebration? Yet they are easier than ordinary prisoners to lead, and easier to punish, just because they are the people.'

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MORE MOTORING IN PERSIA. II[1]

FROM YEZD TO KERMAN

BY BERNHARD KELLERMANN

We stop at this village of Ernau overnight, bivouacking outside the narrow gate in the compound of a half-ruined bathhouse, whose low walls protect us somewhat from the cold mountain wind. In the morning it is almost frosty, and we are glad to warm our numbed fingers over a fire of desert bushes. No one here knows anything about the route we should take, and so we continue to follow the half-obliterated tracks of the autotrucks we picked up yesterday. But they bend increasingly to the south, toward Kerman instead of Yezd. Thinking that we must be on the wrong track, we stop at a large orchard and ask a shepherd, whose flock rushes off in a panic when we appear, 'What is the name of this place?' 'Masrah,' is the answer. Now, every village we have passed for the past three hours has borne this name.

'How far is it to Yezd?' I inquire.

'Five farsakhs.'

We can only laugh in the stupid fellow's face, for we are fully ten times that distance from the city.

Our cars scramble down into a dry river-bed and grind tediously up its pebbly course. Finally the road seems to bethink itself of its proper destination, for it turns abruptly to the northeast, crossing the toes, so to speak, of the neighboring foothills, where some of the grades are so steep that we all climb out and push. At length we reach another plateau, covered with dry vegetation, beyond which a blue line of mountains hovers in the dusty air. The ground is perfectly smooth and level, and we make good time for about an hour, when we reach a large village — also called Masrah. Six miles farther on, however, we come to a still more important place, with a little more individuality, for its name, we learn with relief, is Khormez.

We know now that we are on the right road to Yezd, and wait by an old water tower in the midst of green fields and gardens for our baggage car to come up. It arrives an hour and a half later with a broken spring, which we patch up sufficiently to reach our destination.

In less than an hour after leaving Khormez we reach the regular highway from Kerman to Yezd. Fully three miles of its course is along a dry gravelly river-bed. After that we travel for a while across a sandy and clayey country, and finally lose the road entirely in a great gravel moraine dotted with innumerable wells, which feed irrigation ditches that lead to the villages far below us, on the old caravan route from Kerman to Yezd. We make a short stop at the ruins of an ancient deserted caravansary, whose only occupant is a venerable old fellow of seventy, who has set up a little tea house beside a babbling brook. His outfit consists of

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *August* 13 and 25

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one small teapot and two glasses, which he carefully washes and puts away, when not in use, in an adobe niche. He has no spoons, but breaks twigs off the neighboring trees to take their place. This old man informs us that he has seven daughters and three sons, but that he has been living all alone here for fifteen years.

A little later we come to a region of villages, gardens, and meadows. A city lies before us. Skirting a line of sand dunes which have a curious emeraldlike flush in the sunlight, we finally enter the hot adobe-bordered streets of Yezd.

The first thing we encounter in Yezd is a Persian on a motor cycle. Behind him stalks a troop of camels driven by fantastic-looking boys. A little later we see an Englishman with spectacles riding a mouse-gray donkey. I do not see any other Europeans in Yezd, except the director of the Imperial Bank of Persia, for the heads of all the official banks are Englishmen.

Suddenly a man jumps on our running board and offers a house for rent. It is in good repair, has six rooms, and the rent is one kran, ten shahis a day, which I realize is inexpensive. But the chauffeurs have heard of a hotel for travelers near the bazaar, and there we stay, although only two rooms are placed at our disposal.

'Where will you sleep?' I ask the cook.

Hadji points to the plaster porch in front of the rooms. 'Here! There is plenty of room for all of us!'

Since the bazaar is near the hotel, Hadji Kassim is happy, and soon disappears with a pocketful of money. My servant and chauffeurs are in a merry mood and prefer to dance and sing in the evening. Yezd has certainly intoxicated them.

The ancient city of Yezd offers many more sights than any Persian town I have yet seen. No dome or minaret dominates it, but it boasts hundreds of small towers like the bell steeples of a small Italian town.

Since it lies in a torrid district, Yezd has taken all sorts of steps to alleviate the heat. The scorching Street of the Bazaars is entirely covered with awnings, the light entering through small holes; and many of the buyers' courts are covered with protective canopies.

Yezd possesses another unique feature in its deep well, and we must descend forty or fifty steps to reach it. The city's water flows to the well from the distant mountains through a deep *canat* fifteen miles long. Although some Persian canats are one hundred and seventy-five feet deep, the Yezd well lies only about fifty feet underground. The courts of most houses are sunk to a similar depth in order to make it easier to reach the water. Our little hotel is sunk so deep in the earth that we only have to go down another yard from the cellar to get water.

Yezd has been the centre of the silk-weaving trade for centuries. At every house one sees mulberry trees, and men and women spinning. Under the canopies in the sunken courtyards stand hundreds of primitive hand looms. Most of these are operated by one worker, assisted by two boys who cut off the loose threads, and the different-colored cords are kept tight by sandbags. But color and quality are not up to the former standard, and Yezd has been forced to relinquish her supremacy to other centres.

Another important industry is the manufacture of henna. This product is used to wash and color the hair and to stain the finger nails red — yes, many people here have red finger nails.

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I saw colored lambs, and several horses whose manes and fetlocks were dyed fox red with henna.

Henna leaves come from the South, principally from the Bam district, and Yezd supplies all Persia and the surrounding countries with this dye. The thirty or more henna mills in the city are so completely enclosed that it is difficult to see what goes on within.

In the late evening a camel, covered with henna dust, operates the mill, plodding in a circle in the half darkness. A small round basket covers his eyes to prevent him from getting dizzy. One receives an impression of unreality, of something brought from another world. The mill is very primitive, standing about six feet high, while the millstone and the circular path around it are sunken. Everything is covered with henna dust. From time to time a little boy shovels the powder into heavy jugs.

In certain old primitive mills a slanting millstone operated by an ox presses oil from cottonseed, and at night we can hear the bell around the creature's neck ringing. In both the oil and henna mills the old woodwork constantly creaks and groans piercingly.

Yezd has two beautiful squares. Barren and uninteresting is the great Medan-i-Shah, where the Shah lives, but two smaller squares are rich and intimate. One is near our hotel, where slender minarets with bright green tiles and the domes of the mosques rise above the dark alley of the bazaar. The square itself is small, and is lined with workshops and stores. The other square lies in the centre of the business district. A couple of very old trees give it shade. It is about sixty-five feet long and twenty feet wide, and is filled with pools. Around it stand buildings where blacksmiths, bakers, and artisans follow their various trades. This place is crowded day in and day out with people, donkeys, camels, mounted steers, and children.

The inhabitants of Yezd are exceptionally friendly and pleasant. Many of them welcomed us when we arrived. They accompanied us to the bazaar, were attentive at the well, and pointed out the domes and places of interest.

For more than a hundred years the ancient city of Yezd stood three miles north of the present site. Here we find the ruins of the town, the caravansary, and the well, all nearly buried in the sand. Among these ruins we see evidences of the deadly struggle that for centuries made the city an armed camp and finally laid it waste.

The sand dunes which now cover the city were at first stopped by the high wall, but they surmounted this obstacle and slowly filled the courtyards, gardens, and houses, stopping up the canals, ditches, and wells. To-day the old city lies deeply anchored in the sand. Though people prophesy that modern Yezd will suffer the same fate, it will certainly take a long time for it to do so.

We return to Yezd, and almost immediately gusts of wind begin to blow and the northern sky becomes wrapped in a yellow mantle. The storm breaks, and the air over the town is filled with dust that blots out the sun. The desert threatens. All day long I see yellow clouds of dust north of the city.

Far away lies the ancient city of Ashkisar, engulfed in the desert. Everybody I ask in Yezd has heard of it, but none has seen it. It is a myth. Perhaps it exists, and perhaps not. Who can tell? There is great diversity of opinion upon this subject. We go to the bazaar to get information, for there we learn the news of the world as it passes from mouth to mouth and from shop to shop. Everyone feels that it is foolish

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to seek Ashkisar with an automobile. It will be necessary to take a camel and ride indefinitely, they tell us.

Nevertheless, I decide to use my automobile and to look for the village of Elaobad, where I intend to hire camels for the trip to Ashkisar, which is about six miles farther on.

We find Elaobad, a green garden in the middle of a waste of sand and stone, and I cannot understand why this village survived and old Ashkisar did not. We pass an uncultivated field covered with a thick layer of light sand. A sand storm may lay siege to a field at any time.

Elaobad is inhabited by Sardoshdi, a race distributed throughout Persia. The women go about unveiled and wear brightly colored clothes, and many of them are very beautiful. Both young and old spin silk thread. The cocoons are protected by cloth coverings.

Our camels are ready. We leave the orderly little village behind us and slowly penetrate the desert. The camel bells ring and tinkle; the drivers sing as they urge the animals on. Before me trots a young beast with no desire to go to Ashkisar, and the driver prods him on from time to time.

After a two-hour ride we discover traces of Ashkisar. Sand dunes have covered the ruins of the great palaces. One dilapidated mosque is entirely concealed except for its dome, but another has been more fortunate. The sides of this mosque were once covered with colored tiles, but these were stolen long ago. The top is nothing but a mountain of sand. Around it stand sand dunes fifteen to thirty feet high. They look like ocean waves, but we blink our eyes and they are motionless. The sand is fine and runs through the fingers easily; it would go very well in an hourglass. The dunes are as easily shifted by the wind as are waves of water. A southwest wind has apparently piled them up.

An idea of the immensity of the desert may be obtained by looking out from the dome of the mosque. Nothing but waves of sand extend to the horizon. Here and there you may see the covered domes of a cluster of houses or the covered walls of a street or garden. Not a sign of life — not a bird, not a blade of grass. Ashkisar must have been a city of considerable size, but except for a palace and mosque standing on higher ground it now lies buried in its sandy grave.

We have scarcely arrived when it begins to blow sharply — the desert wishes to warn us of its power. The ridges of the sand dunes begin to smoke, and the sand is whipped up as if by some machine. The women and children who have followed us out of curiosity flee in terror. A little boy simply throws himself on his knees and sticks his head between his arms. In a second he is half covered with sand. The camels stick their heads together, and the driver, who has sought shelter in their midst, throws a blanket over their heads. In a second the sun is blotted out and the yellow whirls of sand beat upon us. We flee to the abandoned mosque.

How strange are the ways of man! Old Ashkisar had been covered up for many centuries when new Ashkisar was founded on its buried walls. But to-day this new Ashkisar is ancient and in ruins. Mountains of sand extend in lines along the courtyards, the streets are already buried, and all that can be seen of the houses is a few corners. New Ashkisar will soon disappear under the sand.

When the storm subsides a man leaves our mosque with the intention of going to Ispahan by foot. Walking very slowly, he hopes to reach his goal in a month.

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But a new storm, black and menacing, arises in the desert. We mount our camels and ride back to Elaobad. The rain is lashing us when we reach the village. How lonely it must be now in the old mosque out there in the desert!

We are on the road once more, although we said good-bye to ancient and hospitable Yezd very reluctantly. Mohammed Khan again sits peacefully on the cases of gasoline on the running board. A new passenger has joined us, a little dog called Bulbul (nightingale). We found him whining and lost in the narrow street of the silk weavers, so we took him with us. Since he was helpless as a white lamb, we made room for him in the passenger car.

The journey from Yezd to Kerman leads us first through the fertile region that surrounds Yezd. Soon, however, the green fields and gardens and mulberry trees lie behind us. We see the ruins of a large caravansary that looks exactly like a fallen-in castle, so imposingly did the Shah Abbas erect it.

Our journey takes us over gravel and sand, and for a long stretch we travel over an immense level river-bed, an alluvial deposit of stone and earth. We cross a row of wide plateaus by a narrow pass. It is damp, and when a cold wind blows we don our coats. In front of us and somewhat to the east a sand storm is brewing. Over the desert dance eddies of fine sand which we can see forming as the wind stirs them up and sets them in motion. Suddenly a blast hits us so violently that the automobile stops, and in a moment our top is ripped off. Mohammed Khan greatly fears that the car will be torn to pieces, and hastily cuts away the flapping shreds from the rest of the automobile.

The surrounding country is the poorest I have ever encountered in Persia. We see nothing but a desolate village surrounded by an equally wretched gendarme station, and during a whole day encounter only two asses. At the ancient caravansary of Chima a caravan of about sixty camels lies protected from the wind behind a wall. They are bringing henna leaves to the mills of Yezd.

At sundown, thoroughly chilled and cold, we reached the village of Anar. Here the telegrapher is an Armenian who speaks good English. He is very friendly, and takes us through his garden.

Half, or rather three fourths, of Anar is in ruins. In the surrounding desert lies the burned wreckage of a robber village from which the bandits were smoked out. Now nothing stands but the tiles of the towers and the thick walls. The Governor, whom the captain of the robbers greatly feared, had threatened to cut out the tongues of the bandits. They bought him off from this torture with a hundred thousand tomans, but were hanged forthwith.

During the six months that the telegrapher has spent in Anar only three Europeans have passed through the village, and he is glad to be able to talk to somebody. For three months his wife has been lying between life and death, and she needs a nurse and doctor immediately. He gets instructions from a doctor in Yezd by telegraph, but lines of worry are clearly written all over his face.

After the wretched hovels of Anar, it is astonishing to see the fertile great fields around it. The peasants work hard, but Anar is owned by two rich men and a mullah, to whom they must give most of their crops.

We hoped that yesterday's storm would die down overnight, but such was not the case. No sooner are we beyond the fields of Anar than a violent hurricane descends upon us

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from the neighboring plateaus. Cones of dust dance over the desert. East of us surges a menacing sulphur-yellow cloud that reaches to the sky and surrounds the mountains. It is constantly changing, restless and incomprehensible. A new swirling funnel of sand arises out of the desert. At first it hangs motionless, as more sand is added to it; then it comes toward us! Black clouds enshroud us and begin to descend like phantoms. The desert has loosened its thousand shafts.

Hurry! In a moment we are rushing over the sand, unable to see, but the chauffeur steps on the accelerator, in spite of the danger. A sand storm in an automobile that has a good motor is not a serious matter, for the car can go through the whirling zone in a quarter of an hour or ten minutes. But it is exceedingly difficult and strenuous to go through the same zone with animals.

To-day we see many different aspects of the desert. First we cross a waste of sickly shrubs, sand, and gravel; then we encounter a little formation of sandy hillocks covered with tamarisk in bloom. In the distance we discern a snow field, and in another place the ground is torn up as if trampled upon by millions of oxen.

We pass a row of high volcanoes and approach a town. The walls and trees of this little settlement look stopped up by the yellow sand. Behind us the sand storm sweeps ashen gray over the plain. We enter Bahramabad, and find shelter in a garage. Near our quarters is an oil mill operated by a blindfolded buffalo. Late that night I hear the clear sound of a distant bell.

Bahramabad, the centre of commerce for many surrounding villages, has only one bazaar, but it is excellent. Caravan traffic is very heavy. Seldom have I seen in Persia such an industrious and sober city.

But we do not care to remain here long. We spend an hour looking for our luggage car which has gone ahead and got lost. When we climb the telegraph poles to see better, the natives follow our example, until clusters of them are hanging to the high cross-arms. Finally we return to the town.

While the chauffeur is asking the way, I walk around to see the town and its canats. A canat is not like a brook or canal underground. It is a series of holes seventy-five or a hundred feet apart, connected with a tunnel. The canat on which these peasants are working seems very deep. The wheel is as high as a man, and the rope is wound around it four times, from which I estimate that it is about fifty-two feet to the bottom.

Sacks filled with a slimy loam are drawn out, and a boy empties them.

'Is n't there somebody down there to fill the sacks?' I inquire.

'Of course! There are three boys down there.'

'Let them come up. I want to give them something.'

The father calls the boys, but one of them answers out of the well that they are afraid they will be whipped. We hear his voice ring fine and clear.

The father speaks to him for fully five minutes, and finally the boy consents. The wheel turns, and when the end of the rope is reached a thin little peasant boy about five years old comes to light. He is naked except for a *kullah* on his head, and is smeared all over with loam. On coming into the sun he blinks constantly. Hard work stunts the growth of these children, but Persia has hundreds of thousands of canats constructed and maintained like this one.

Our Arab has now discovered the right way, and we leave the beautiful city of Bahramabad after a delay of one and a half hours.

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Traversing an ashen-gray waste, we presently pass a village filled with sand. The storm of the last two days has done this. This territory might prove dangerous, but we cross some swampy country and know we are nearing the end of the desert.

A short stop at Robat. The caravansary is old, but still in excellent condition. In the courtyard we perceive that about a hundred camels stopped here just a few days ago.

Shortly after leaving Robat we strike an expanse of loam many miles wide, and so flat that it looks like the sea on a very calm day. There is not a trace of vegetation. The mud is baked hard by the heat, but we do not feel safe in crossing it, for here and there we see where the hoof of a steer or a camel has broken through the crust of mud. No doubt the entire crust merely floats; under us is a swamp, into which we are in constant danger of sinking. Crossing the crust of mud is like going over very thin ice. So we travel rapidly. When it rains this region is often impassable for many days.

Climbing over a pass between high mountains, we reach an altitude of about sixty-five hundred feet. The roads are perfect. Finally we go downhill, and in the distance we see the trees of Kerman. Immense swarms of locusts as big as humming birds soar into the air, and we sometimes see the landscape as through a whirling mass of small metallic projectiles.

The women at Kerman are veiled in white linen and look like wandering spirits. At sundown we hastily put down the automobile top and stop at a garage. I give my card to the Chief of Police, who welcomes me with true Persian hospitality. He has just returned from a trip to Europe, having visited Paris and Berlin, and he speaks good French. In a few minutes we are installed in an unoccupied house with a very beautiful garden. Its owner and our chauffeurs are also given princely quarters.

Late at night I go into the garden and see everyone resting peacefully. Mohammed Khan sleeps the sleep of the just. His two hands are covered, and he wears his kullah, so as not to freeze.

The white veils of the Kerman women make an unearthly and ghostly impression in the half darkness of the covered bazaar as well as in the bright sunlight. In places where the light falls through holes in the awning overhead they look like white marble statues. But their chatter and gossip and their dark flashing eyes soon dispel this illusion.

The Kerman bazaar is rich and renowned. Although of only one story, it is built higher than in other cities, and the openings for light are even smaller than in Yezd. The traders' courtyards, with their bundles of goods, are well built and full of life, for the great highway from Yezd passes through Kerman to Bam and Baluchistan. Much of the freight here comes from Bander Abbas on the Persian Gulf. The automobile plays only a minor rôle, since only the roads to Yezd, Bam, and Dustab, the frontier station of Baluchistan, are passable. All the other routes are for caravans only, and on them for thousands of years camels, mules, and donkeys have trudged with their bundles of freight over the mountains from the west.

Allah alone knows the age of Kerman, which has forty thousand inhabitants to-day. It is not an enormous oasis, for the canats that supply it with its slightly salty water from the mountains extend for twenty-five or thirty miles through the desert.

The town is well laid out, with very old gardens filled with basins and

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beautiful trees. Grapes, almonds, and oranges grow here, for the elevation of the town is about six thousand feet. Most of the public buildings are new and in good condition. The residences of the wealthy are well built, but the houses of the greater part of the population are rather miserably constructed of mud. On an elevated spot in the outskirts lie the ruins of the old town, formerly a fortress against the Baluchi. Only vestiges of the walls and towers are left, but in the surrounding rubbish we pick up antique pots made of the beautiful old tile. I don't believe much excavating has been done here.

I have the good fortune to meet my old friend Mirza Soleyman Khan, the friendly Governor of Ispahan, in Kerman. He arrived a few days before me to assume his new post. No longer does he dream of an empire, for he has seen the fate of Germany. He welcomes me as hospitably as in Ispahan.

DOCTOR PEI AND DOCTOR TSE[1]

BY GUSTAV HALM

In a certain Chinese city lived a physician called Doctor Pei, before whose house stood a yellow bamboo stake from which fluttered a placard of plaited cane bearing in gigantic letters the following legend: 'Doctor Pei, the greatest physician in the Celestial Empire.' And his courtyard and offices swarmed with the sick and afflicted.

One day, however, he lay on his mats and cushions waiting in vain for the sound of the gong that announced his patients. Nobody came. Wondering mightily at this, he scratched his billiard ball of a head, and finally peered out the window up and down the street. Suddenly he saw what had happened. From a near-by window hung a big signboard of red paper on which was written in letters a foot high: 'Doctor Tse, the greatest physician in Asia.' And crowds of sick people stood at the door waiting to gain admittance.

'You've got to give him credit,' reflected the physician. But after some thought he sent for a sign painter. This man prepared for him a still bigger sign in letters of flaming red that announced: 'Doctor Pei, the greatest physician in the world.' The placard was displayed, and in a short time the sick people were lining up in front of his door again and committing their infirmities and maladies to his care.

The wind blew from the east and it blew from the west, and in a few days his competitor hung out another banner with the inscription: 'Doctor Tse, the greatest physician on this street.' There was certainly no getting around that, though if the two men had lived in the same house Pei would have put out a notice proclaiming himself the greatest physician in that building. This, however, was impossible, and he had to admit that his rival had trumped him.

As a result, these two practisers of

[1] From *Kölnische Zeitung* (Conservative daily), *August* 11

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the art of healing lived in a state of half-concealed hostility. When they met on the street, to be sure, they bowed and called each other 'Honorable,' 'Light of Heaven,' 'Ancestor of all Learning,' and 'Conqueror of Suffering,' but as soon as they had turned their backs to one another each busied himself devising ways of pulling the other fellow's pigtail, kicking him in the seat of his pants, or tearing a hole in his sunshade. And when it came to destroying the other's good name, then Pei did not surpass Tse any more than Tse surpassed Pei.

'Aha!' reflected Yupei, the Emperor's jester, who was suffering intense pains after a trying week of celebrations. 'Here you sit groaning, and on top of all your other woes you are put to the trouble of choosing between the greatest physician in the world and the greatest physician on his street. What do you do about it? Do you take your complaint to Pei or to Tse?'

For a long time he scratched his bald head with his back-scratcher, but he could not arrive at any conclusion. For what really troubled him was not the comparative merits of the two men, but the question of which would be the cheaper. It was the hot season of the year, and the Court had moved to the Summer Palace. But the Emperor had not ordered him to come along because in making fun of His Holy Majesty he had recently overstepped the bounds. Hunger had therefore entered his house, and only a few coppers jangled in the purse where so many silver pieces usually tinkled. Suddenly Yupei leaped into the air, clapped his hands, and shouted: 'I have it, I have it! I'll go to Doctor Pei.' And he was at once carried to that doctor's house in his litter.

Doctor Pei was sitting among silky pillows with mountains of books and manuscripts around him. He wore shining spectacles, and the room was full of glittering instruments and innumerable bottles labeled the Waters of Immortality, the Elixir of Heavenly Bliss, the Potion of Loveliness, the Spring Waters of Cleanliness, and other high-sounding names.

'Honorable sir, I throw myself at your feet,' said Yupei. 'I beg you not to look at me. Treat me like a worm.'

'I am your servant,' replied the doctor. 'You are the honored sir. Say the word, and my foul hand is prepared to cut your body to pieces, to pull out your teeth, to replace your own brain with that of a dog, or whatever you wish. Express your desire.'

'Lord of all healing, conqueror of all pains, you whom the hot blood and evil vapors obey,' continued Yupei, 'observe my tongue, touch my swollen body, and mark the yellow color of my eye. Your immortal wisdom will not be slow to perceive that it is my liver that is distressing my unworthy frame.'

With sticks and tubes the doctor poked Yupei's tongue, tapped his body, and listened to his breathing. Finally he said: 'Pardon your unworthy servant if he assaults your exalted ear with the name of your sickness, honorable ancestor. Yes, your honorable liver has contracted a disease which must be expelled by my drink.'

'Just what I thought,' said Yupei. 'And it's lucky I took my affliction to you, and not to Doctor Tse, whom my friends recommended. He is so stupid he would probably have said it was an inflammation of the joints — or rheumatism, as those red-haired devils from the land below call it.'

'Ha, ha!' laughed the flattered Doctor Pei, taking a pinch of snuff. 'The wise Doctor Tse, the learned dunce, is not so stupid as that. No, he is n't so stupid as that!'

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'Do you want to bet?' suggested Yupei. 'I'll go to him and tell him that I have inflammation of the joints, and you will see, O light of wisdom, that he will give me medicine for it. What shall the bet be?'

'If it's agreeable to you,' replied the medicine man, 'I'll take no money for my treatment and for my healing medicines. But come to-morrow and bring me Doctor Tse's written testimony that it is rheumatism.'

'Done!' cried the jester. 'But first give me a certificate to present to the Emperor, who wants me to follow him to the Summer Palace. When he reads that my liver is troubling me he will excuse my absence.'

With the document in his pocket the rogue at once betook himself to Doctor Tse, whom he discovered creeping about among a mass of instruments and equipment — maps of the heavens, globes, telescopes, phials, glasses, stuffed owls, monkeys, and crocodiles, skulls and skeletons, bundles of herbs, packages of powder. As Yupei entered he found the doctor stroking his goatee. Without waiting for his visitor to greet him, the physician jumped up and welcomed him with deep bows: 'Come in, come in, honorable sir; come in, venerable sir; and your servant shall lie like a carpet at your holy feet. You have deigned to be sick, O master. Speak but a word and you shall be sound. For no other purpose has Heaven bestowed miserable life upon my unworthy self than in order to enable me to expel the unclean spirit of pain from your suffering body. When that is done I shall be ready to plunge back again into the nothingness whence I came. Deign, O lord, to impart to me the name of your sickness.'

'I have inflammation of the joints, O model of all doctors,' replied Yupei. At this point Doctor Tse began to leap about him like one possessed, calling upon him to tighten and relax each muscle, tapping and poking him as he did so. Suddenly he exclaimed: 'By Fo, you diagnosed your disease correctly — you have inflammation of the joints.'

'Aha!' cried Yupei. 'Now I see how right you are to call yourself the best doctor on the street. Just look here at what Doctor Pei, the fellow who thinks he is the greatest doctor in the world, has written. He thinks my liver is out of order, and he will have nothing to do with any other part of me.'

Doctor Tse laughed loudly on hearing this, and then he said: 'Listen, Yupei, O honored emissary of God: if you will give me that piece of paper I'll take care of you for nothing. You shall take a hot bath in my house every day, and do whatever is good for your affliction. Are you willing?'

'The gods in Heaven have borne witness,' said Yupei. 'But now you give me a certificate about my disease so that I can send it to the Emperor, the Son of Heaven, in order to excuse myself for not being able to visit him this summer.'

Thus it came to pass that for days and weeks on end the jester Yupei went to Doctor Pei's house every morning and drank what he was ordered to take. After a massage and a sun bath, he was given a breakfast suited to his sickness; and then he wended his way to where Doctor Tse lived. Here he got into a warm spiced bath, lay in the sun some more, and was given a rich meal that the doctor embellished with a thousand delicacies.

When the Imperial Court finally returned to town, Doctor Pei pronounced him entirely cured; and a few days later Doctor Tse made a similar report. At this moment Yupei received instructions from the Emperor to present himself at Court.

'What have you been up to in our

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absence?' asked the Emperor. 'Give an account of yourself.'

'Lord of Heaven and Earth,' replied Yupei, 'summon Doctor Pei and Doctor Tse into your holy presence, and you will be greatly delighted.'

The Emperor ordered them both to appear; which they promptly did.

When they came trembling before the throne, Yupei sneaked up behind the Emperor and cried, 'O Son of Heaven, the physician who will prostrate himself before you is the greatest physician of all time, for his knowledge cured me.'

Like a flash both Doctor Pei and Doctor Tse threw themselves upon the ground, and for some moments their stiff pigtails were all that could be seen of them. But after a while Doctor Pei saw Doctor Tse out of the corner of his eye, and at the same moment Doctor Tse saw Doctor Pei kneeling on the floor.

'Ha!' cried Doctor Pei, straightening out a little. 'Son of the sun and the moon, behold this wretched quack and fraud who mistakes liver trouble for inflammation of the joints.'

At the same moment Doctor Tse jumped up, angrily shouting: 'This fellow calls himself a physician, and says that inflammation of the joints is liver trouble. You son of a dog, you sawbones, you fake, you — '

'Don't believe him,' protested Doctor Pei. 'He's a liar, an ignoramus, and a dumb-head. Look, I have the evidence here in his own handwriting' — and he triumphantly brandished the piece of paper that Doctor Tse had written about Yupei. But the next moment Doctor Tse was waving his piece of paper too, and each tried with clutching fingers to wrest the other's trophy from him.

At first the Emperor shook his head; then he smiled; and finally he laughed aloud as he watched the two men fighting. At last he ordered silence, and said, 'See here, Yupei, you sank to trickery to turn these two worthy men against each other.'

'Ruler of the earth's centre,' said Yupei, 'permit me to speak in my defense. Know that I was sick, and that your imperial favor had granted me neither food nor money to buy food. I therefore went to Doctor Pei, for my liver ailed me, and he treated me and drove out the demons that persecuted me. But I also suffered with aching joints, and I therefore sought out Doctor Tse, and thanks to his skillful hand I am now cured. Each believed the other to be a knave and a fool. For that reason both of them treated me free of charge. The worthy gentlemen forgot in their zeal that a person could suffer from two sicknesses at the same time.'

The Emperor shook with laughter, and as Doctor Pei and Doctor Tse slunk out of the palace like spanked poodles he raised Yupei to the rank of mandarin of the third class, and gave him a sapphire to wear in his cap and a golden peacock to adorn his breast.

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SPENGLER, MARX, AND KEYSERLING [1]

BY JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

FEW books of recent years have been so thoroughly misunderstood as Oswald Spengler's *Decline of the West*. The title itself is misleading; the book should have been called 'The Values of Civilization.' The half that has been translated into English is far less interesting than the second volume; the peculiarly personal and bitter skepticism of the author has obscured the range and diversity of his historical knowledge. The whole book is such a labyrinth of minute detail, in which it is often impossible to follow the main thread, that we should welcome Messrs. Goddard and Gibbons's exposition, which aims at no more than giving a clear outline of Spengler's main thesis.

The value that Spengler should have to the younger generation is that he offers us a view of history which is in complete conflict with the doctrines of the school of English historians and social agitators who derived from the evolutionists of the middle of the nineteenth century, and notably from Huxley and Spencer. To this school, which is represented in England by Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Bertrand Russell, and the scientific materialists generally, unlimited progress is humanly possible to the social organism of man. All that one has to do to ensure it is to educate man — education for what end is never stated. Abolish once and for all a certain number of religious, moral, and social taboos, and mankind will become perfect. Against this optimistic superstition Spengler protests. To him the State itself is a series of organized taboos, a body of reactions to cultural environment, running within certain definitely fixed limits of time and space. From the time when the amorphous tribe settles down, develops agriculture, abolishes marriage by capture, and organizes itself in a body responsible to the priest-king, History begins; and history is itself the reaction of each unified people to its culture area. As this area expands through conquest, the theocratic monarch is obliged to delegate his authority more and more to the land-owning nobility. Thus feudalism arises. The process of feudalism goes on, the nobility become more and more powerful and ambitious, frequently upsetting the plans of ambitious Pharaohs, fomenting 'palace revolutions' and the like.

After a period which Spengler estimates at six hundred years, the rise of the burgher class in the main centres of commerce and population puts an end to the struggles of the warring nobles to control the central power, and reëstablishes the monarchy as the sole authority, on a bureaucratic, nationalist basis. This middle-class period of history continues for another four hundred years or so, during which time the central capital and chief cities of the State have seen the rise of a new class — the fourth estate, the large-town mob, composed of the proletarian, the *Massemensch*, ready to be exploited by ambitious demagogues. The struggle between this class and the other classes

[1] From the *Monthly Criterion* (English literary monthly), *September*

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continues, in Spengler's view, for little more than a century; by that time the State has so far expanded its boundaries that the limit of extension has been reached, while the limit of intension has already been attained by the degree of liberty granted to the mob. The State, in this last transformation, is ready for Cæsarism — that is to say, for a dictatorship more or less avowed, but controlled by finance, *Realpolitik*, and all-around subordination to State interest. This, which according to the Belloc and Chesterton school of historians is the 'servile State,' is to Spengler the only possible conclusion of all higher cultures; or, as Messrs. Goddard and Gibbons put it: 'Cæsarism is in spirit something different from despotism. It is a recognition of the fact that what we call constitutional government does not produce the necessary result, that the constitutional forms do not provide liberty and order, and that the supreme power of one man may be better for the whole State than theoretical liberty and equality. It is also the masses' victory over the classes, in the fact that at least their representative is all-powerful, even if they themselves have also to forfeit any share in the government.' According to Spengler, the Western world — Europe and America — is now ripe for this final transformation and alignment of power, and in three or four hundred years longer must have passed the maximum of this development and be prepared for stagnation and decay.

It will be seen that Spengler's main thesis is an elaboration of the suggestion put forward by Henry Adams in 1908 that human history has followed a certain 'rule of phase'; but, unlike that suggestion, it does not confuse external events dependent upon the will of one man or of a body of men with the development of pure scientific knowledge. As a matter of fact, the amount of scientific knowledge we have to-day is probably extremely small — in despite of the popular press, which keeps assuring us of its magnitude. We know something of mathematics, astronomy, and the constitution of matter. As to why matter in its organic state took the forms it did, we know next to nothing, and the whole domain of organic life — incuding biology, sociology, psychology, ethics — is a dark and endless mystery, illumined by a few brilliant guesses. It is more profitable, like Spengler, to turn to the actual monuments of man's higher cultures and to his written records, in search for the principle of continuity and decay they reveal, than — either optimistically or pessimistically — to exalt the purely visionary spectre of a scientific principle of evolution as the guide to humanity's transformations. Spengler has but amplified and expanded the thesis put forward by Flinders Petrie in 1911, that civilization is not single, but has been the result of a series of periodic cultural growths and declines; but, unlike Professor Petrie, he does not confine his analysis to the Mediterranean. For the listing of his periods into Sumerian-Akkadian, Egyptian, Hittite-Assyrian, Chinese, Hindu, Greco-Roman, Arabian-Byzantine, Mayan-Aztec (which failed to culminate because the Spaniards destroyed it), and Western European, the student has every cause to feel grateful.

If we wish to realize what an outlook Spengler has brought to history, we cannot do better than to contrast his interpretation with that of Karl Marx. In Professor Laski's *Communism*, recently published in The Home University Library, we have a succinct account of what Marx's theory is and a complete review of its recent application in Russia. According to this theory, everything within the State, religion, art, ethics, springs not from the

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satisfaction of inner need on the part of society, but from its division into classes who own and classes who do not own. As the means of production and distribution alter, the conflict between owners and wage-workers increases, until at the end of the historical period you get revolution — a dictatorship of the proletariat is established, all classes are equalized, and private property is abolished. This materialistic interpretation of history, based on Hegel's enormous confusion of being and becoming, has all of Spengler's fatalism without any of his mysticism. To Spengler the social, moral, political, and æsthetic values of each high civilization reach a point where they cannot expand further, and then have to repeat themselves on a lower level, as in the case of China, or become renewed in different form, as in the case of Rome struggling with the Byzantine-Arabic uprise. To Marx, social, moral, political, and æsthetic forms are merely temporary illusions created during a long struggle between haves and have-nots, which will and must have but one conclusion — the expropriation of the expropriators, and the establishment of a World State based on absolute equality and universal proletarianism.

It will not do to say simply that Marx's theory is irrational and absurd. Like other irrational and absurd forces, it has its own peculiar power. Its power is derived from a simplification of a few outstanding tendencies in society, which explains nearly everything but the rôle of the individual in history. Marx divides society neatly into owners and nonowners, and says that the former impose their will on the latter, while the latter work as wage-slaves for the former, until a time comes when the possessing class can concede no more to the dispossessed and revolution takes place. The real answer to this theory would be to take out of any period one hundred men from every walk of society and to analyze their careers. About seventy-five per cent of them would, I imagine, be found to be both capitalists and wage-earners — that is to say, they would combine both ownership of something and work for a salary; and in this class would be found not only the small-salaried wage-slave, but practically every artist, every author, every divine, and every man of affairs. About five per cent would probably be ranked as unemployed, idle rich or idle poor. About twenty per cent would be what we might call casual or unskilled workers — owners who lack steady outside employment, or workers who have not yet amassed enough capital to assure a certain independence. In order to establish his abstract theory, Marx simply breaks society into two halves, overlooking the changes that continually take place. Nor is his explanation of revolution the true one. Revolution takes place in a society when the more cultured and independent elements of the nation tend to break away from the traditional framework of laws and morals that the uncultured classes accept; it is a spiritual, not an economic, phenomenon, though it may be precipitated in extreme form by some economic crisis.

Such a realistic envisagement of a civilization of human society would never do for Marx. He is the classic example of the embittered idealist. Basing his whole interpretation of history, not on such definite and solid facts as religion, social demand, ethics, or creation of art-forms, but on a purely mythical 'control of production,' he cries out for the transference of this control into the hands of the wage-earning class, and the consequent establishment of a utopia, of which, in distinction to ethical Socialists of the

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more interesting type, he does not condescend to give us even the remotest outline. In the domain of economics, his work corresponds closely to that of Darwin in the field of natural selection; it exalts struggle above adaptation, luck above cunning, and disorder above order. In short, the famous economic interpretation of history resolves itself simply into a subterranean attempt to deny history, to ignore history, and finally to destroy history. Instead of permitting us to enjoy the beauty of an Egyptian pyramid, of the Parthenon, of Santa Sophia, or of an American skyscraper, he would have us agitate ourselves over the time spent thereon and the rate of wages paid.

It is impossible to grasp the reason for Marx's naïve dismissal of man's finest achievements without first understanding his own peculiarly racial psychology. Marx was, as is known, a Jew, and his greatest confusion of thought, that of the wage-earning class with the producing class, and also his apocalyptic 'world revolution,' are products of specifically Jewish psychology. If we study history closely, it is apparent that the Jews, as an independent race, were deeply despised by the Egyptians, the Babylonian-Assyrians, the Romans, just as, since the dispersal, they have remained on bad terms with the various Christian communities in which they have lived. In the old world they had no status save as tributaries: except for David and Solomon, the whole of the later Israelite kingship paid tribute. The physical configuration of their country, with its lack of agricultural land and poorness of water supply, as well as their position on the land bridge between the kingdoms of the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf, made of them a race of traders and tribute-payers — or, to use the Marxian terminology, wage-slaves and exploiters. As they were the exploited successively under the Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Persians, and the Romans in the past, so they have in their turn become more and more openly the exploiters of the Western World in the present day. And they have been able to assume this part because of their peculiar moral code, which permits them to do precisely to the Gentile what they are forbidden to do to each other. This, and the expectation of coming deliverance by some miraculous Messianic event, provides the basis for all Judaism. But here again Judaism displays its irrationality. Miracles are not created in contradiction to the laws of nature, but in conformity with the laws of nature, as Spinoza long ago pointed out. And in Marx this Judaic element which demands a miracle is so complete that he has to invent a world miracle, a universal proletarian revolution, before he can set his utopia going.

Unfortunately for Marx and his kind, the 'proletarian revolution' has now taken place in Russia, and has produced nothing more than a transference of arbitrary power from the hands of the Tsar and his underlings into the hands of the leaders of the Communist Party, together with an abortive attempt to destroy Christianity. It has transformed poor Marx — who thought himself a scientist — into the John the Baptist of a new Messiah, Lenin. Nor even if the Bolsheviki remain in power for another century can it ever do more than this. What steps Russia will take in the development of a culture on her own account — now that she is outlawed from Europe — are problematical; it would be safer to say with Spengler that Russian culture, only beginning its individual contribution about 1800, will not have its full effect on the world until 2300. But this we may safely say — that Russia is not

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now a proletarian commonwealth, and she is likely to be even less one as she goes on. As for Marx and his theory, that is already proved unhistorical; its only interest is a psychological one.

The only interest, too, that one can take in the work of Count Keyserling is purely psychological. In contrast to Marx, whose 'world revolution' represents the desire of the inferior to revenge himself on the superior (as Nietzsche points out, characteristic of the Judaic psychology), Count Keyserling attempts to reverse this process and, since he is in his own eyes a superior man, revenge himself on those he considers his inferiors. One does not know which aspect of Count Keyserling's argument is the most irritating — whether it is his perpetual confusion of the terms 'spirit' and 'intellect' (he uses them throughout interchangeably) or his really monstrous assumption that 'all cultures have their centre of gravity in the irrational,' which, if we are to believe it, would take meaning away from such representatives of culture as Aristotle, Aquinas, or Goethe, and make the high priest of culture Cagliostro, or Rousseau; or whether it is simply Count Keyserling's perpetual shallow-pated vanity in talking about himself that makes us hostile. His main argument is that culture in this age is everywhere moribund. He goes further than Spengler, and supposes a world-wide dominance of the machine, complete barbarism, and the emergence of a type which he calls 'the type of the chauffeur.' Yet even this prospect does not daunt him; he supposes that this mechanical age will soon exhaust itself, and that 'spiritual' — or 'intellectual' — culture will then again be possible on a world-wide scale under what he calls the 'ecumenic state.' The only answer to be made is that neither to-day nor at any future time will the world lack those who refuse to be 'chauffeurs.' Count Keyserling has neither understanding of history nor complete sympathy with human nature. Moreover, no really 'superior man,' in this age or in any other, can consent to be fobbed off with fine phrases. The 'ecumenic state' is merely a phrase; it responds to none of our immediate necessities, nor does it offer us anything tangible in the future.

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THE INCREDIBLE DULLNESS OF MR. H. G. WELLS[1]

BY 'SCRUTATOR'

If Mr. H. G. Wells had died before the war, we should have mourned the loss of an imaginative novelist of unusual merit and of a contemporary figure not wholly inferior in interest to his own Kipps. But Mr. Wells, rather thoughtlessly for an egotist so inflated, failed to seize the right moment for demise. He has emphasized the outstaying of his welcome on this planet by the output of many new works of an ever-increasing; and now indeed of a chloroforming, dullness.

Every year there is launched upon the bookstalls some new publication, vulgarly heralded by his publishers, and not less obtrusively recommended by one of those press controversies by which Mr. Wells, with a shrewd commercial instinct, advertises his prolific quality. He once, incredibly, thought that the world was ready to accept hi as a political and social critic, pure and very simple, and he wrote the most unsuccessful and almost the most foolish of all his books, upon the Washington Conference. Warned by a public failure, he has since returned to the form, if not to the substance, of the novel. His latest volumes — the *Clissold* trilogy, and *Meanwhile*, just published — are a disingenuous attempt to palm off turgid political essays as fiction. Fragments of incident are inserted to give substance to the publishers' claims that these works are novels. No experienced reader will be deceived, and few, we imagine, will invest in his next imposture.

Meanwhile, we were told by his communicative publishers, was to be based on the General Strike of last year; the criticism of Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Churchill was to be 'ruthless.' What do we find? The General Strike enters the book only, first, as a distant rumble in the background, and, later, as the text for a few tiresome letters written by one of the characters to his wife. The 'story' is set in a villa near Ventimiglia, just over the Italian border. The house party consists of Peter Rylands, a young English coal owner; his wife, who is *enceinte* ('I've got to be three parts vegetable for a bit now — and then a sort of cow,' is her delicately Wellsian description of her condition); Mr. Plantagenet-Buchan, a Europeanized American; Lady Catherine, an aristocrat of easy virtue; Mr. Sempack, an author-philosopher; and a few nondescripts or supers. Mr. Sempack is another Mr. Clissold, which is bad; that is, another Mr. Wells, which is worse. It is, perhaps, open to Mr. Wells to say that Mr. Sempack does not represent him; but the defense, if attempted, is absurd. One does not centre a novel round a man's conversation without taking responsibility for it, unless criticism is implied in the text. But the point need not be argued, for Mr. Sempack only repeats in so many words — *so many!* — what Mr. Wells has incessantly offered us over his own signature during the last few years. Mr.

[1] From the *Empire Review* (London public-affairs monthly), *September*

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Sempack, therefore, joins Mr. Clissold in that group of driveling bores who loud-speak Mr. Wells's 'ideas.'

Newspaper reviewers, though they never fail to allot space to Mr. Wells's books, — for these are still, in a technical sense, news, — no longer pretend to be impressed by them. Except for one or two politically biased appreciations, *Meanwhile* has had a thoroughly bad press, though hardly as bad as it deserves. Doubtless foreseeing this, Mr. Wells cautiously provides his own claque. Mr. Sempack has only to open his mouth for all the other characters in the book to express an admiration as nauseating as it is difficult to understand for his brilliance. For example: —

'I've heard of the great Mr. Sempack, yes.'

'He writes books,' she supplied helpfully.

'*Real* books, dear lady. Not books you read. Not novels. Not memoirs. Books that are just books. Like Santayana. Or Lowes Dickinson. Or Bertrand Russell.'

'You've read some?'

'No. I've always hoped to meet him and save myself that duty. It *is* a duty. They say — they say he talks better than he writes.'

A doubt seems to have insinuated itself into Mr. Wells's mind that Mr. Sempack's drear maunderings may not, in cold print, seem altogether worthy of the generous compliments which they elicit from the supers; so he provides this character with a fantastic foil, Colonel Bullace.

The latter had pricked up his ears at the word Utopia and coughed and turned a rather deeper pink; and, after the third repetition and apropos of nothing in particular, he had addressed Mr. Sempack in an abrupt, caustic, and aggressive manner. He cut across an unfinished sentence to do so.

'I suppose, sir,' he had said, '*you* find your Utopia in Moscow?'

Mr. Sempack had regarded him as a landscape might regard a puppy. 'What makes you suppose that?' he asked.

'Well! Is n't it so, sir? Is n't it so?'

Mr. Sempack had turned away his face again. 'No,' he said over his shoulder, and resumed his interrupted sentence.

This shows you what a great man Mr. Sempack is. How brilliant; how decisive the repartee! Who says that Mr. Sempack-Clissold-Wells is a bore?

It is hardly necessary to say, this being a novel by Mr. Wells, that his great philosopher is tempted and falls into the embrace of Lady Catherine. Why not? He no doubt overlays her with his *great talk*. But even under this emotional stimulus he runs away from facts and departs on a tour of the Savoy Alps. We would ourselves back him against the Alps if he really began to talk. Because, again, this is a novel by this world-reforming author, the young husband of the expectant lady has an intrigue with a girl in the house party. None of Mr. Wells's heroes has ever been able to resist the nearest woman. They all like these 'great talks,' and care very little what woman laps them up.

When Mr. Sempack returns, the General Strike has broken out in England and Lady Catherine, always anxious to oblige, has returned to her British Fascist lover. Mr. Rylands — who has previously invited Mr. Sempack to 'see how everything at home waits for a decisive voice and a firm hand. It wants a man who is sure as you are sure to grip all this sedition and discontent and feeble-mindedness' — discovers that Mr. Sempack-Wells regards the Strike as 'nothing at all, just political nonsense; you see I don't attach any great importance to this General Strike in England.' However, he decides to return to England, 'if only to see why people can struggle with such courage and passion for

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ends that do not seem to me to have any relation to the Civilization of the World at all.'

At this point the yawning reader begins to wonder how Mr. Sempack, subtlest, and surely most loquacious, of living philosophers, will settle the Strike. Mr. Wells must have wondered, too, and he carefully avoids the difficulty by having Mr. Sempack run over by a motor bus on arrival. This casualty, it must be conceded, greatly abates our prejudice against this particular instrument of locomotion.

We have, therefore, to receive our author's views on the Strike through the letters of frail, fallible, but philosophic Mr. Rylands, the coal owner. He it is who provides us with the 'ruthless criticism' of the Government, about which so much low-class puffery appeared in the press.

He begins by telling his wife that the General Strike is 'the Silliest Thing in the History of England. . . . One is left gibbering helplessly as the silly affair unrolls itself.' Here is a specimen of the helpless gibbering: —

'Imagine a procession of armored cars and tanks going through the dear old East End of London to protect vans of foodstuffs nobody has the least idea of touching. *After the strikers have guaranteed a food supply!*'

Mr. Rylands-Wells does not appear to have witnessed, less still participated in, the scenes at the docks in May 1926. He was, no doubt, arranging future contracts in the expectation that others would preserve the existing system.

Mr. Churchill is subjected to much 'ruthless' criticism. For example: —

'As might be expected, Winston has gone clean off his head. He has n't been as happy since he crawled on his belly and helped snipe in Sidney Street. Whatever anyone else may think, Winston believes he is fighting a tremendous revolution and holding it down, fist and jaw. He careers about staring, inactive, gaping, crowded London, looking for barricades.'

Mr. Wells seems to know as little of the Sidney Street incident as he does of the Strike. He adds, later, 'Winston is probably certifiable, but no doctors can get near him to do it.' Once more: —

'What chance has ultimate reasonableness when some atavism like Winston collars all the paper for his gibberings and leaves you with nothing to print your appeals to the ultimate reasonableness on?'

After this criticism of Mr. Churchill, illustrated with a childish — perhaps second-childish — pen-and-ink drawing of 'Winston doing everything' (in Mr. Wells's handwriting), we come to the pompous disparagement of Mr. Baldwin. This, too, is adorned by a drawing depicting 'Trusty old Baldwin keeps on doing nuffin',' a flight of wit which an Eton boy would disdain. It seems that Mr. Baldwin is 'a bit of a coal owner himself,' and Mr. Wells insinuates that this has a connection with the granting of the coal subsidy. As, however, Mr. Wells has not the courage to make a direct accusation against Mr. Baldwin, there is no need to pursue a dirty and untruthful insinuation further.

Mr. Rylands-Wells goes on to explain that the *Daily Mail* incident which precipitated the end of the pre-strike negotiations was prepared. 'It was too clumsy, too out of proportion, to be a genuine thing.'

Unfortunately for Mr. Wells, the facts are known and provable.

His account of them is on a par with the fantasies of his egregious and largely borrowed *History of the World*. No wonder that Mrs. Rylands, reading

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this letter, finds that the writer 'had told his story well. It sounded — credible. For the first time she seemed to be realizing what this queer business in England meant.' We can only admit that a man like Mr. Wells deserves a woman like Mrs. Rylands. We wish them many more *great talks* — on condition that they are not published.

It is then, with lying dishonesty, explained to her that the Government, having provoked the Strike, will seek a chance of firing on the strikers: —

> 'If they can have an Amritsar in Trafalgar Square, they will. They want to beat the Reds and then tie up the trade-unions hand and foot — and trample. And that, my dear, is the dangerous side of the present situation.'

In this part of the letter, the writer's lucidity struck her as extraordinary. . . . To her his vision of affairs seemed fresh and powerful and broad. How much he knew that he had never spoken of before! His implicit knowledge of the sequence and meaning of strikes and Royal Commissions made her feel not only ignorant but unobservant.

Such were the receptive impressions of this parasitic female half-wit.

Other letters from this lucid and knowledgeable correspondent tell her indignantly of 'the Government control of broadcasting and the general suppression of opinion in this country.' A discussion in the House of Commons between Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Thomas has 'more than confirmed his suspicions that the petty *Daily Mail* strike and the consequent break was a foreseen excuse, meanly and eagerly snatched at by the Government.' And Lord Edensoke, his uncle and a leading coal owner, is pictured as a selfish and utterly unpatriotic seducer of young girls. 'The portrait of the contemporary successful man, for all the jerkiness of its strokes, struck her as devastatingly true.' With a deft reference to Mr. Herbert Samuel as 'that Kosher Liberal' the penetrating criticism of the General Strike comes to an end.

The reader is now indulged with a few small items of uninteresting incident to round off the book. A young convert to Rome appears at Mrs. Rylands's house, solely to afford the latter an opportunity of demonstrating her own almost Wellsian brilliance of thought and expression. She is not indeed the Rose; but she has lived near It.

> It has to be recorded that the matured and final verdict of Mrs. Rylands upon Roman Catholic Christianity, its orders and subjugations, its gifts and consolations, its saints and mysteries and marvels and the enduring miracle of its existence, was delivered in one single word: Rubbish.

Then an Italian politician — naturally a great admirer of Mr. Sempack-Wells — is chased into her garden by a mob of Fascisti. With his rescue and the birth of Mrs. Rylands's child, *Meanwhile* comes to an end. For ourselves, we are left wishing that the Fascisti had succeeded in catching Mr. Wells's friend.

This summary of Mr. Wells's latest book cannot fully make plain its devastating weariness. His bitterest critic could wish nothing better than that it might be widely distributed. It must be read if it is to be adequately condemned. The whole incredible conceit of the man; his feeble-forcible attacks on public men who accept responsibility in times of crisis, while he dithers and blathers about a better world; the stupidity and falseness of his picture of the General Strike, in which he achieved no more than Mr. Sempack, without the excuse of a

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motor bus—these can hardly be appreciated without a perusal of *Meanwhile*. He has ceased to be a novelist. He has ceased to have imaginative powers, except for the distortion of known facts. He has even ceased to be readable. All that remains is malice, conceit, and ignorance.

We leave him with a clear expression of opinion that the public is sick of the egotistic vaporings of a writer who has done very well out of the capitalist system; and who, so far as we know, has never made an unpaid contribution to the anguish and the perils through which his country has, in his lifetime, passed; and which it has survived very greatly to his financial profit.

HOW I TURNED BULLFIGHTER[1]

BY ARMIN T. WEGNER

I HAD arrived in Arles, that charming little city that always gives the impression of eyelids half shut to keep out the setting sun, and of eyes whose depths conceal hidden life and laughter. I entered a shop and asked the name of the cheapest hotel. The shopkeeper, who dealt in bicycles, was a slim, active man wearing a bright pair of bicycle tights. No sooner had I told him that I had just arrived from Paris than he invited me to go to the bullfight with him that very afternoon.

'Is there a bullfight here?'

'Listen, Jean—he asks if there's a bullfight!' And he turned behind him. 'There are all kinds of bullfights—bloody ones, and harmless ones. We fight in the old Roman arena.'

He put down the brush with which he had been cleaning off his machine, and looked at me through its spokes. 'To-day it is a bloodless fight. The "Arles Society of the Fearless Lions" is holding its annual celebration.'

'So they don't kill a bull?' I was incredulous.

'No. We just tease him with a cap or a little sword. A free-for-all contest like this, a real Provençal bullfight—oh, it is a fine thing.'

'Do I need a ticket?'

'I am the president of the organization. You are my guest.' I bowed, and looked in astonishment at the freshly waxed points of his moustache, waving in the air like the wings of an eagle. 'I am called Planton.—Jean, show the gentleman the way.'

'Will you join us?' asked Jean. The young fellow was so covered with dust that he looked like a miller, and he walked ahead with his hand wrapped in a cloth propped against his hip. 'I'm a picador.' He smiled, showing his glistening teeth.

'You yourself?' I asked.

'Certainly, sir. All members of the Lions' Club join in the sport. Only members are allowed to participate.'

At three o'clock I was in the streets again. It was a hot Sunday in September, and thick dust hung over the deserted alleys, while black leaves from the plane trees fluttered through the air like crisp old paper. A few blocks

[1] From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), *August* 21

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brought us to the main procession. Music led the way, and behind the band came the fighters, on foot and on horseback. They wore gray or white stockings, and red and yellow mantles proudly thrown over their shoulders. It looked more like a masquerade ball than a procession of bullfighters. Jean had put on a girl's dress and a big flowery cotton overcoat that tripped him up at every step. Planton beckoned to me from his carriage near by, and I made the acquaintance of Jules, Henri, and Veran. In daily life the first was a worker in the vineyard, the second a farm hand, and the third a plasterer. Jules wore an old silk hat full of dents, and Henri, with his mop of black hair on the top of which perched a tiny cap much too small for him, looked like an Italian. Little Veran was the funniest-looking of all. His stockings had slipped over his fat ankles like the folds of an accordion. All three wore red scarfs around their waists. I liked Jules's appearance particularly. He was bubbling over with joy, and his slim, almost spare, figure made him resemble a lively little puppy. No sooner had he seen me than he squatted down and suddenly unfolded a huge scarf decorated with red and white squares, which he waved about, laughing.

'*La muletta! La muletta!*'

He almost wept with laughter — a laughter as clear and free as the Southern sky itself. With a bound he leaped over beside me and M. Isnard, the proprietor of the Café des Fleurs, who was going to make room for me next to him, and who spent all his time wiping his lumpy bald head with a brilliant handkerchief.

'What's your name? What? Once more, please.'

I took a piece of paper and wrote my name on it.

'Armain. *Très bien!*' said Jules, after he had read it. 'Good, good! We are comrades!' And he took my arm.

'*Oui, mon ami!*' I seized his wrist in a friendly grip, repeating this little phrase that I had learned in the fourth form at school. Our eyes flashed with that unspoken recognition of friendship that links men together in all parts of the world when they discover that the same blood runs in their veins.

'*Écoutez!*' cried M. Isnard, as he played with his heavy watch chain. 'I have — ' But Jules would not let him go on.

'What's your occupation?'

'Student.'

'Good, Armain. It 's fine that you're a student. Here, take one, comrade.'

He offered me a cigarette, and as we walked across the square smoking we suddenly felt that we had all of us become good friends — Jules who walked beside me, Jean, Henri, and Veran mounted on donkeys, all these laborers and shopkeepers who ate goat's meat and cheese and drank homemade wine, who lived in a country where human faces are more cheerful and more bright than the flowers themselves.

'Listen.' M. Isnard tapped my knee with his finger. 'I have a sister in Strasbourg. Perhaps — '

He could say no more. We suddenly saw a tremendous mass of gray stone looming behind the houses. It was the old amphitheatre of Arles, broad and firm, and through its arched construction gleamed the distant blue sky. The door of the arena opened.

First of all marched a group of old farm horses decorated with colored streamers and lifting their feet as carefully as so many storks. Veran let Jean ride his donkey, while he accompanied him on foot, carrying in his hand a walking stick to which he had tied an inflated pig's bladder colored red, like a child's balloon. Every place in the amphitheatre was occupied, and the

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innumerable white dresses and brilliant parasols of the ladies alternated with the black coats of the men against the gray stone background.

'Good day, citizens of Arles,' I said to myself. And I felt as if they would be bound to answer me. I felt that in their place I should have said to a man like myself, 'Welcome to Arles!' for I was overcome with joy.

Planton stood before the platform and bowed. The band played. The president, burgomaster, and leading citizen, buttoned up tight in his long black coat and perspiring freely in his high stiff collar, threw down the key to the animal pit. It was a big dummy key sawed out of wood and painted to look like bronze. Planton picked it up and held it to his hip, while the audience roared with laughter. 'Aha! The key! Now for the fighting flags!'

A bull sauntered into the ring from the enclosure. His staring eyes and gaping mouth expressed such dumb astonishment that everyone began to giggle. The points of his horns were protected with two round rubber caps about the size of a man's fist. They made him look as if he were equipped for some kind of boxing exhibition.

'Have you overslept, old grasshopper?'

'Where's your wife?'

Jules, Henri, and Jean took their places in the arena. As the guest of the Fearless Lions Society I enjoyed the privilege of being allowed to stand in the arena itself, right behind the wooden barricade. At first Jean began waving his coat and executing steps like a dancer in front of the bull; but the creature would not move. Then Jean held his red cloth right in front of the animal's eyes; but it only snorted, stuck out its tongue, and began to lick the cloth.

'Taste good?' cried Jean. 'What do you think it is — a piece of cheese?'

The crowd laughed. Jules raised first one long leg and then the other, swinging them over the bull's horns time after time, but no one showed astonishment at the performance. At this point my friends behind the wooden wall began climbing into the arena, and I followed them, joining the circle they formed around the bull. From the front rank came a cry: —

'Take that ox out of here. Bring on the next one. We're no fools.'

The whole arena began to howl. The president raised his hand and ordered the next beast to be let in from the pen.

This creature rushed into the middle of the ring. He was a powerful, broad-shouldered brute from the pastures of Camargue. He had a black head, light-gray hind quarters, and a tail tassel like a lion's. The moment he appeared the entire audience held its peace; complete silence settled upon the throng.

'Look out!' cried Veran, and took five steps toward the bull. He made a calm pass with his mantle over the animal's head and let the bull run by him. A roar of approval greeted the feat. Then Jules appeared on the scene carrying a red and white parasol. At the same minute Jean rushed up carrying another sunshade, as red as if it had been soaked in the blood of an ox, and so brilliant that it hurt one's eyes to look at it. Jean carried this over his shoulder like a lady out walking. No sooner had the bull seen him than it rushed upon him in a fury. Jean got excited, and, tripping in the folds of his woman's dress, fell to the ground. The parasol collapsed too, and the bull leaped right over Jean.

Laughter came spattering up from the audience like drops of rain as Jean, limping and covered with dust, dragged himself off the scene.

Planton and I had retired to the outskirts of the battlefield and watched Jules carefully. He had left his top hat

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lying on the ground, and his face was cut. A little later, however, he ran up to me panting and said, 'Please hold this parasol for me a minute.'

'Gladly.'

I took the parasol in my hand, and it looked like a giant toadstool. Then I noticed that I was standing quite alone in the midst of the arena. All the others had taken refuge behind the wooden wall — evidently they had agreed on that. Did they think I was afraid? But I had no time to think of such things.

The bull rushed upon me in a fury, as if this red parasol of mine were hurting his eyes worse than ever. I held the parasol like a kind of shield, and just at the last minute leaped aside as he dashed at it.

'Wonderful!' 'Fine!' 'Do it again!' 'Who is that — a German?' 'Hurrah for the German!'

The crowd broke into loud applause. Meanwhile the bull had turned around and was eyeing me again. I was still standing alone in the arena, and wondered if they wanted me to fence with him. The white sand glistened in the sun like a mirror. 'Bravo, comrade!' shouted Jules and Veran, who looked at me over the wooden barricade and laughed. 'Always keep his eye.'

Quite coolly I approached the bull, waving the parasol in the air. It had a long wooden handle, and I stood still while the beast, with lowered head, charged past me twice, intent on the expanse of color.

'*Vive Armain!*' Jules shouted, clapping his hands.

But in my eagerness to do the same stunt a third time I found myself pressed against the wall. Throwing the parasol over the barricade, I sprang sideways myself and followed it. At the moment I thought that I had had enough fame for one day; but my performance was not over yet.

'Bravo, bravo! Give it to him! *Mis à mort!*' cried the crowd. 'Hurrah, hurrah! *Vive l'allemand audacieux!*'

Many people had got up out of their seats. They were jumping and shouting. The yellow straw hats of the men, the brightly colored clothes of the women, and the parasols, together with the blare of the band, turned the whole arena into a storm of celebration. The whole audience bent and swayed like flowers in a summer wind, from the very front rows up to the back, where the little street children, like bunches of grass, clung to the cracks in the walls.

My success went to my head. I threw off my jacket, laid it over the barrier, and wiped the sweat off my forehead. Veran gave me his red mantle, and I jumped into the arena again. But the crowd yelled: 'No, no, the parasol. *Ombrelle, ombrelle!*'

I wanted to go to work again, but the president gave a signal to have the animal taken away. Jules came up to me beaming. Several hats sailed down beside me from the crowd, and Veran picked them up and threw them back again.

'Now for the cockades, the cockades! Get ready!'

Planton's long moustache began to wave back and forth. 'There are three prizes — twenty, fifty, and one hundred francs.'

'The cockades!' cried Veran. 'Get together.'

The sport had reached its climax. Jules, Henri, and all the rest leaped into the arena and stood in front of me at the edge of the ring. The trumpets blared and the gate of the animal pit swung open.

The cockade containing the money looked like a white chrysanthemum fastened securely between the bull's two horns. I was just reflecting on what would be the easiest way to dis-

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lodge it when Planton gave me a sour look. I did not dare to take part in the sport any more, for the prizes were evidently only open to members of the society. 'So,' I reflected, 'their friendship does n't go any further than that. I'm all right to make fun of, but they want to keep their money for themselves.' And for days on end I had eaten nothing but plain bread and melons. 'I don't want your money,' I cried distressfully, clenching my hands. The air was cooler, and the shadows in the arena were lengthening. I was so put out that I hardly noticed that Veran had already succeeded in dislodging the first cockade without any difficulty at all.

The next bull was a mighty, broad-shouldered creature, plump and black, with a high back and a dewlap reaching nearly to the ground. It seemed as if it must be very easy to handle such a slow-moving, clumsy creature, and Jules went at him with such determination that he had little difficulty in almost dislodging the second prize from his head. But at the crucial moment he suddenly fell backward. No sooner had he seized the cockade than the bull threw up his head and with bloodshot eyes began snorting.

'Look out, the black fellow has blood in his eye,' said Veran quietly.

Just short of the barrier Jules was going to leap aside, but he hesitated too long, and the bull pinned him between his two horns and pressed him against the wall. The points of the horns were far apart, and Jules was so thin that the animal's head could not reach him. This position he held for a moment. It seemed impossible. With a laugh Jules tossed his top hat in the air to show that he was unhurt. But he was not confident of his safety, and he raised his arms in the air so that he could be pulled over the fence by them. Forcing the rubber horn-caps against the wall, the bull ground his head about, and Jules had to follow this moving prison wherever it went. He saw the white cockade still in front of him, but he did not dare to reach forward, for he felt the bull's hot breath against his body.

'He has him locked there.'

Jules tried to press his moist knee against the animal's mouth. The spectators leaned over the barricade. Veran, Planton, and I hit the beast's ankles with sticks, but they were as hard as steel. All the time Jean kept drumming on the bull's back with the pig bladder.

'Grab his tail,' shouted Planton.

Five of us seized it and pulled with all our might. Even fat old Isnard lent his weight. But still the bull refused to move. Suddenly he made a backward motion and we all fell in the sand. Laughter went through the crowd like wind blowing fruit from the tree tops. At this moment the catastrophe occurred. Jules, though weakened by his imprisonment against the wall, still wanted to grab the cockade, but as the bull came forward again his right wrist was caught against the wall. There was a crunching sound, and Jules seemed to collapse. His happy face was suddenly contorted in an expression of pain. His arm was broken. Cries rose from the crowd: 'Shame on you!' 'Coward!'

'You cowardly beast, you devil!' shouted Veran, as he rushed in a fury and kicked the bull in the stomach. 'What a humiliation for us!'

Jean, holding the skirts of his coat high and showing his two absurd white stockings underneath, drove the point of his parasol at the bull's nose as hard as he could. The infuriated animal abandoned Jules and turned on Jean, who went leaping across the arena, raising a cloud of dust behind him. Hidden by the dust, he then hurled the parasol to one side in the air and fell to

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the ground himself. The animal, thinking that the parasol was its enemy, rushed at the red piece of cloth and trampled it underfoot.

In this way he loosened one string that fastened the cockade, which now hung free from the left horn. While everyone else was looking out for Jules, Veran — Veran the lucky one — sneaked off and, running lightly on his toes, came up behind the bull and grabbed the second prize.

In the meantime Jules had been carried out of the arena. The music stopped a minute. It was late. Shadows covered nearly all the field. The final round came next, and our hearts beat faster. I went to Planton and said: 'I will fight again; poor Jules has had enough. If I win the cockade Jules shall get the money.' In this way I decided to avenge myself and play the hero's part. Planton shrugged his shoulders.

The last bull had already entered the arena. It was smaller than the others, but had been kept until the end for a good reason, since it possessed a fiery character and stamped its active little feet fiercely in the sand. Its wide-spreading horns were like the antlers of a deer. Once again the funny little cap on Henri's head appeared on the scene, but the rest, with the exception of Veran, had withdrawn, having been frightened by Jules's misfortune. But Veran maintained his usual confidence, and let the bull charge at his mantle.

I seized the parasol that was still lying in the middle of the arena and hung upon its point a piece of red cloth like a faded poppy. Obviously it was safer to get the animal in the middle of the arena and weaken him. Though I had longer arms than the others, I was agitated and nervous. In the last brief hour I had formed a sudden attachment for Jules. Finally the bull approached me. As he trotted up I hit him over the eyes with the parasol, which I held in my left hand, while with my right arm I reached out toward his head. Something crackled in my fingers. I grabbed and almost fell, for my shirt sleeve caught in the cap over the animal's horn. Luckily it tore, and I raised my bare arm in the air, shouting, 'Won for Jules!'

Wild applause greeted me. 'Hurrah for the matador!' 'Bravo!' 'Vive!' 'Bravissimo!'

All I can remember is the shouting and cheering that deafened my ears. The hats and costumes of the spectators seen in the rays of the setting sun made the whole arena resemble a flaming crater rising around me, while I stood at the bottom lost and bewitched. Cushions, field glasses, walking sticks, and newspapers rained about me in the sand. I bowed, and walked about throwing back the objects on the ground. Never in my life had I received such an ovation. Four hours after my entrance to the city my name was on everyone's lips!

When I visited the hospital I found Jules wearing a plaster cast. I looked him over carefully. Was he suffering? Lying on a bench, he bit his teeth together, but his eyes glistened. Undoubtedly someone had already given him a drink.

'Cheer up, Jules — I've won, and for you,' I said, pressing the hundred-franc note into his hand.

'I don't want your money,' Jules said, as he turned away angrily, his mouth quivering at the corners. A moment later he beckoned me with his good arm and I leaned over him. '*Merci*, comrade,' he whispered, and kissed me on the cheek. I returned his salutation.

Later I found them all sitting in the Café des Fleurs drinking absinth under the big dark trees. Isnard stood behind the bar in his shirt sleeves. Twilight

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had fallen, and the large clusters of leaves hung from the branches like the folded wings of sleeping birds.

'To your health! Sit down and drink!' they cried as I entered. 'Armain! Armain! Wegner! Look here, your name's in the paper!'

Their voices rang, and they seemed unsteady. I discovered Jules among them, pale, his arm in a plaster cast and splint.

'*Un premier!* Quick, the best!' he cried to the barkeeper. His hair was hanging down over his hot face, and obviously he had drunk a lot already. 'Come, comrade.' He handed me a glass of absinth and water that looked grayish-blue, as if it were full of soap.

'To your health!' I said as I swallowed the peppermint-flavored drink.

'How is that for bad luck? Just as the wine season is at its height.' He looked disgustedly at his broken arm. The vintage had already begun, and he had to tread the wine press all day, squirting the juices of the grape all over his legs and feet.

'What do you need an arm for?' cried Planton, and raised his glass with a laugh. 'You're a foot worker.' His waxed moustache hung moist and limp.

'How long are you staying?' asked Jules.

'Two days,' I said.

'That is too short a time. What a shame!' He laid his free hand confidentially on my shoulder. 'Listen, my friend. I can't accept all that money. Take half of it back. You need it for your journey.'

'No, no. I won it for you.'

'*Un premier*, quickly!' cried Jules again. After he had tossed off his glass, he suddenly turned his back, gave me a roguish glance, and his eyes glistened like grapes.

I took my leave, and again went down to the bridge across the Rhone. There lay the little town and its charming houses, the dwindling river, the valley where Mistral and Daudet were born. Its sweetness could never be exhausted. In the twilight the river glistened bluish-white as if it flowed with absinth.

I felt in my pocket, and something crackled between my fingers. It was a fifty-franc note that Jules had stuck in there without my knowing it. My gloom was dissipated; this evening I was unspeakably happy.

As I went through the streets I saw in the darkness of a doorway the white figure of a girl. She was standing with a friend and whispered, '*Voilà, le picade!*'

I could not recognize her face, but her voice told me that she was beautiful, and I was amazed at myself. Fame? What does fame mean if it does not make women learn to love us more than they otherwise would?

The next day I continued my journey to Nîmes, where I saw a real bullfight, and where the great Pepète lost his life. Should n't I like to have seen that girl again? Yes, indeed; but one does n't do that sort of thing. Alas, one should not stay too long in one town. It's a mistake to get married, for it's always deceptive. But how soft and charming her whispering voice sounded! Never to the end of my days shall I forget it. '*Voilà, le picade!*' Nothing more. That was enough. Is n't the only abiding, worth-while love the kind that remains eternally unfulfilled?

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SONG FROM THE OLD COUNTRYMAN

BY W. B. YEATS

[*Mercury*]

I HAVE old women's secrets now
That had those of the young.
Madge tells me what I dared not think
When my blood was strong,
And what had drowned a lover once
Sounds like an old song.

Though Margery is like a fish
If thrown in Madge's way,
We three make up a solitude;
For none alive to-day
Can know the stories that we know
Or say the things we say.

How such a man had pleasured most
Of friends that are gone,
How such a pair loved many years
And such a pair but one,
Stories of the bed of straw
Or the bed of down.

A BEE IN LATE AUTUMN

BY W. FORCE STEAD

[*Saturday Review*]

THOU creepest on; in vain
  Thy wings are humming.
Spring has gone by; again
  A spring is coming —
Yet not for thee. Oh, why
Should nature bid thee try
To live, and loathe to die?

For thou wast born too late,
  Too late, or early;
I know not which, yet fate
  To thee is surly.
Fret not thyself if thou
Find not a blossomed bough;
There are no blossoms now.

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The Fate of a Language

THE Welsh language, according to present indications, lies on its deathbed, although a bitter struggle is being waged to keep it alive by artificial respiration. The Welsh Language Report, recently published, was obviously intended as a stimulant, for it deplored the present tendency, and made numerous recommendations to nurse the language back to health and vigor.

The committee found that just as many people speak Welsh to-day as did thirty years ago, but provincial pride is bruised when, as the report states, 'the Welsh girl, during the time of courtship, thinks that she shows a greater delicacy in speaking English.' Many people speak both Welsh and English, but it is feared that the former language is the less respectable, and we observe the same philological phenomenon that prevailed in England when French became the fashionable language rather than Anglo-Saxon.

With the rapid growth of means of communication and with the world becoming smaller every day, a petty national language has little chance of survival. Tourists are said to have brought English to the very hearth of the Welshman. The rapid and wide distribution of English newspapers broke down another lingual defense, and the telephone contributed its part. Then the British Broadcasting Corporation succeeded in thoroughly alarming the Welsh when nothing but English-language programmes were put on the air. The committee feels that 'it is rather a pathetic comment on the position of Welsh in its own country that the only regular Welsh programme is that given once a week from the Dublin station by the Irish Government.'

But if the utilitarian value of English is admitted, the committee feels that Welsh should be taught and spoken for sentimental reasons. 'From the very first beginnings of its history,' we are told, 'Welsh has been one of the great literary languages of the world. . . . Painting, sculpture, and native architecture were unknown . . . all emotion and vision that might come to a Welshman's life had, if outwardly expressed, to travel along the path of the Welsh language.' The Welsh cannot, however, claim that their literature belongs to the first rank in the world of letters. In both poetry and prose, of course, there have been some excellent pieces of work done in the vernacular, but the committee intends to treat the language less like Latin or Greek than as a living instrument for future art. Welsh-language enthusiasts hope that some day a great national poet may arise and express the sentiments and emotions of his people in their native tongue. Language difficulties have troubled the Welsh since as far back as the twelfth century, for we do not know whether the prophet of Pencader spoke in Latin, French, Welsh, or English when he told Henry II that 'no other nation than this of Wales, nor any other tongue, shall in the day of strict account before the Most High Judge answer for this corner of the earth.'

A sixteenth-century writer said: 'If there be no learning, wisdom, and piety in a language, what better is it than the churm of wild fowls or the

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bleating of beasts?' The Welsh apparently feel that they owe their wisdom, piety, and learning to their language, but we are assured that in those parts of Wales where the inhabitants have lost their native tongue they do not differ from their neighbors who still retain the vernacular. The Cornishman remains as quaint and picturesque to-day as when he spoke his native language. Gaelic plays a very small part in the progress of Ireland, and the 'canny Scot' has long recognized the practical advantages of English speech. Should we shed tears if the Welsh lose a few backward provincialisms with a moribund and second-rate language?

The general tendency, of course, is toward a single language for the entire world, although this worthy goal is frequently hindered by stubborn national pride. The intercourse of nations is often blocked by lingual difficulties which could be obviated by the acceptance of one of the more world-wide languages such as French, Spanish, German, or English. We would not disparage the little literature Wales already possesses; but the world moves, and we should not cling to the past with sentiment that may hinder progress.

The Fine Art of Drinking

AMERICANS smoke a cigarette with their cocktail to kill the pungent juniper, but M. de Cassagnac, who sets himself up as an authority upon the delicate art of 'downing' drinks in *Les Vins de France*, has little sympathy for our Prohibition-nurtured native. In the first place, the winebibber must not touch tobacco; he must guard his palate as rigorously as a musician guards his ear or a painter his eye. He must never drink so much that he cannot appreciate the wine, and some authorities hold that the real gourmet should never swallow his wine, but should expectorate it after having enjoyed the full flavor and aroma of the drink. Smoking a cigarette during a meal, M. de Cassagnac writes, is 'an unspeakable and odious habit,' and the person found guilty of it deserves nothing better than *vin ordinaire*.

Mr. J. McCallum, in the London *Outlook*, also expresses the older generation's attitude toward a drink that seems to be designed for the cigarette smoker — the cocktail. 'Did you ever know a gentleman who allowed his drink to be shaken? In my day, the only thing that was shaken was medicine. "Shake the bottle" — that meant medicine! Now they bring a man from New York to do the shaking, and then they drink the wretched stuff before dinner. They would shake old sherry, the scoundrels, if they had the chance. They don't know any better. And what do they put in their infernal bottles? Gin! Gin, sir! A charwoman's drink! No tradition!'

When the epicurean divides Gaul into Cæsar's three parts in classifying wines, M. de Cassagnac rebels, for he would render homage to all the wines of France. Bordeaux, however, is the King of Kings. He is enraptured with its delicacy, its complexity, and its finesse. In the fine distinctions which he draws between wines of different vintages he resorts to poetry. For example, he writes that the Margaux of 1900 is excellent, but that it fails to inspire one like the Margaux of 1875. One is a work of classical execution; the other is a masterpiece. One is like the poems of Abbé Delille, and the other like the poems of Alfred de Musset.

M. de Cassagnac clearly explains that he advocates 'drinking usefully,' or 'drinking good wine to the exclusion of all others, reasonably, and in

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favorable conditions.' It is evident what he means by useless drinking. He relates the following story. 'One evening when dining in a restaurant at Bordeaux an American at a neighboring table asked the manager, "What is the best wine on your card?" "This one," the manager replied, pointing to a wine of 1848, a veritable marvel of marvels, not so much because it was old as because age had exalted and perfected its incomparable virtues. "I'll take a bottle." The waiter served it properly, and with the utmost respect. "Wait a minute. Soda, please." They brought him a bottle of soda and another glass. The American pushed the second glass aside and immediately poured the soda into the wine. He deserved to have his country stricken with the dryness of one of the scourges of Egypt. His crime should be expiated.'

American taste and technique, however, have unfortunately declined still further since we have been visited by that scourge of aridity with which the French gentleman so justly cursed us. Most Americans who drink to-day do so for the effect and not for the taste, and we carry our habits with us when visiting a country noted for its delicacy of sense in this fine art.

The Death of Janet Ross

AFTER a life which combined all the vital feminism of the twentieth century with the cultural background of the nineteenth, Janet Ross has died in her Florentine villa. For three generations the maternal parent had been intimately associated with the literary life of England, and she herself was brought up in a home frequented by such men as Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens, Macaulay, Carlyle, and Guizot.

When eighteen years old she married a man much her senior — Henry Ross, 'English gentleman, traveler, and raconteur.' After spending several years in Egypt as correspondent for the London *Times*, she finally settled in the famous villa, Poggio Ghirardo, near Florence. Here she lived a life filled with writing, music, painting, and friendships. The Villa Ross became the memorable meeting place for the cultured people of both England and Italy, and the dominating personality of Mrs. Ross did much to bring them into harmony.

A hard worker, and one who looked after the most insignificant detail of her Tuscan estate with the greatest care, she reminded her guests of the rule of some great lady of the Middle Ages. At her hearth she embroidered and talked while the olive burned to white ash in sweet scents. She had read prodigiously in many languages, and her masculine mind had no patience for bores. Though she was not in the least sentimental, she was exceedingly fond of animals, and once when she saw a driver maltreat his horse she went up to him and broke the whip across his own back. Perhaps she vaunted her authority a trifle too highly, for a neighbor once hired an assassin to fire shots through her window. But she treated the matter with amusement and disdain.

At night, when most of the servants of her household had gone to bed, she settled down to her writing. In some of these books she sought to bring her beloved Italy to her English homeland. Her debt of hospitable environment was repaid by such works as *Florentine Villas*, *The Land of Manfred*, and *Italian Sketches*, and she gave due credit to her remarkable heredity and fortunate upbringing in *Three Generations of English Women* and *Early Days Recalled*. Shortly before the war she published her mature reminiscences

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under the rather proud title, *The Fourth Generation*.

The story of her friendships is as interesting as the story of her life, although the two are inseparable. At one time Mark Twain would drop in from his neighboring villa to ask her advice about puzzling details of his own estate, and later d'Annunzio was one of her neighbors. Frequent visitors included Professor Villari and his wife, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Berenson.

Though Janet Ross may be dead, her tradition and personality live, not only in her books, but in the hearts of her Tuscan neighbors and friends. She was a remarkable woman who did much to unite her native England with her adopted Italy.

Battles and Biliousness

BECAUSE its leaders lacked health, an indispensable factor of efficiency, the great Prussian war machine broke down at the Battle of the Marne, according to an article by ex-Staff Surgeon-General Rochs in the *Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift*. Defeat, he tells us, was due to the morbidity of the four chronic invalids who led the German Army — Moltke, Bülow, Lauenstein, and Hentsch. They have died from the diseases from which they were suffering when war broke out, and are therefore unable either to endorse or to repudiate the former surgeon-general's sweeping diagnosis.

Chief of General Staff Moltke was at Carlsbad seeking relief from arteriosclerosis in August 1914. Entering upon 'his stupendous and unprecedented task crippled by chronic degeneration of the muscles of the heart and inflammation of the cardiac valves,' he stayed behind, and sent Lieutenant-Colonel Hentsch to the front with almost unlimited authority. Now Hentsch, a chronic victim of 'biliary colic,' spent most of his time nursing 'his aching abdomen,' all of which made him 'fundamentally pessimistic.' When Hentsch reached the front he found von Bülow suffering from arteriosclerosis, 'among other senile symptoms,' and at this highly critical moment he could see nothing but 'a threatening gap in his right flank.' Lauenstein, von Bülow's Chief of Staff, was found in bed suffering from 'sharp heart attacks.' The excitement and exertion of the campaign had considerably aggravated his 'Graves' disease, which had manifested itself mainly in disorders of the cardiac tubes.' These bilious and pessimistic men decided to retreat, and Dr. Rochs believes that their ill-health lost Germany the Battle of the Marne.

A striking contrast with the state of affairs in the German Army is that brought out by General Nudant in *Le Temps* regarding a telephone conversation between Gallieni, Military Governor of Paris, and Joffre, French Commander-in-Chief.

On September 4, 1914, the Military Governor of Paris rang up French General Headquarters, and to prevent the line being cut or interfered with by unauthorized persons an official was listening in and noting every word that passed. General Nudant reports the following conversation as having taken place: —

GALLIENI. 'Is that you, Joffre?'

JOFFRE. 'Yes, speaking.'

GALLIENI. 'I have just learned that the Germans are marching on Meaux.'

JOFFRE. 'Ah!'

GALLIENI. 'What are you going to do about it? Are you going to give battle?'

Joffre did not reply, and Gallieni went on in an irritated voice: 'What are you waiting for? It is now or never. I am going to attack now.'

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Joffre seemed to be reflecting. 'Just wait a moment,' he said.

The line was kept open, but only a confused buzz was heard for ten minutes, during which Generals Gallieni and Joffre handed the receivers to their aides-de-camp while they thought the matter over. General Gallieni returned to the telephone.

'Joffre! Joffre! Are you there?' Gallieni asked anxiously. For another few minutes there was no reply. Then General Joffre picked up the instrument and shouted: 'Yes, I am going to give battle.'

GALLIENI. 'Is that O. K.?'

JOFFRE. 'Yes.'

GALLIENI. 'Good. I am attacking.'

This conversation illustrates the cold energy with which Gallieni judged the situation on his own front and the remarkable caution exhibited by Joffre when he replied, 'Just wait a moment.' There was no pessimism or biliousness in the way the French conducted this attack, but rather the efficiency which we are wont to attribute to the German Army. As with Napoleon at Waterloo, a stomach-ache has once more determined the fate of nations.

Humble Herrings

THE humble herring has been knighted with front-page news stories and leader-page comment in the British press since it has succumbed to the sacred cod and other white fish. Indeed, some alarmists insist that the plight of the herring may endanger the naval safety of the British Isles, since her fishing fleets are smaller, and Lloyd George has made an eloquent plea before Parliament to save this Scotch industry now on the verge of ruin.

But it has been shown by the report of the Imperial Economic Committee on the Marketing and Preparing for Market of Fish that, although there may be many herrings in the sea, very few Britishers care to eat them. The causes for this shift in the dietary habits of a nation are manifold. Although it was never an aristocratic fish, because it was so cheap, it is now too expensive for the small purse. Fried-fish shops, moreover, have increased to such an extent that the consumption of white fish has exceeded that of the pelagic.

The herring, moreover, is a bony fish, and it may be that the patience and care required to eat it are not repaid. To eat a herring it is necessary to master the creature's anatomy, cut it with the precision of a surgeon, and remove the backbone and its dangerous appendages with the dexterity of a skilled jeweler. The herring, either fresh, kippered, or bloatered, cannot be eaten casually like sole, but must be treated with care and solemnity. And we live in an age when the average business man feels that eating is a necessary waste of time.

Some critics of British life insist that the focus of trouble lies in the fact that 'high tea' has gone out of fashion, and that the herring has gone with it to that fascinating land where the habits and fashions of the past are supposed to be reincarnated. But if 'high tea' is a thing of the past, is its loss a great one? Are we to imagine that the herring is to be saved by reviving that curious repast of hot and cold meats, fish, pies, pastry, cheese, and large potations of tea upon which the hardy Briton thrived? The London *Morning Post* views with its typically Conservative alarm the passing of this institution. 'A nation cannot change its characteristic habits without something happening. Is the growth of Communism an indirect effect?'

Although advertising and publicity campaigns have been suggested, we cannot shed bitter tears over the

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passing of a fish that has always been difficult and dangerous to eat. It may have been a case of the survival of the fittest — of the eaters of boneless white fish over the eaters of bony herring.

In Defense of Lawrence

THE poet Robert Graves, as a friend of 'T. E. Lawrence,' hits back at the attack upon *Revolt in the Desert* made by one 'A. T. W.' in the *Central Asian Journal* to which we referred here in our September 1 issue. First of all, it appears that Lawrence is legally constrained to put his name in quotation marks because he had it changed to T. E. Shaw before enlisting as an aircraft hand in the Royal Air Force. As for Lowell Thomas's press-agenting, Mr. Graves asserts that Thomas only spent from ten to fourteen days with Lawrence, who for six years prevented his glib visitor from using the material he had collected, and when it finally did appear made the publisher print a foreword in which the hero of the volume disclaimed all responsibility for its contents. The fact that 'A. T. W.' never read the unexpurgated *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* accounts for his wild assertions about Arab finances which Lawrence describes there in detail. Mr. Graves estimates that if the Arabian campaign, which cost the British ten million pounds, shortened the war by two days it more than paid for itself.

On the subject of Ibn Saud, whom Lawrence is reproached for not mentioning, and of Hussein, his deposed friend, Mr. Graves quotes a private letter from Lawrence. Here Hussein is described as being offered a treaty in 1921, which he refused because he insisted on being invested with the self-assumed title of 'King of the Arabic Countries.' Ibn Saud therefore took the job, and of him Lawrence says: 'Ibn Saud is not a system, but a despot, ruling by virtue of a dogma. So I approve of him. I approve of anything in Arabia — the desert as opposed to the settled areas of Palestine, Syria, and Irak — which is individualistic, unorganized, unsystematic.'

The accusation that Lawrence is responsible for the bad blood between the French and British in that part of the world is answered by the fact that Lawrence himself acted as intermediary between Clemenceau and Feisal in 1919, but two years later, when the Tiger had fallen, the agreement was torn up on the theory that Feisal had violated it, and France promptly occupied all of Syria. Finally, Lawrence himself is represented as a self-sacrificing idealist who uses all his royalties for administrative expenses and whose only income is his Royal Air Force pay.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Recollections of a Boxing Referee, by Joe Palmer. London: The Bodley Head, 1927. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Gloves and the Man, by Eugene Corri. London: Hutchinson, 1927. 18*s.*

[*Sunday Times*]

At a moment when the old question about the 'brutality' of boxing is once again being debated as the result of a recent championship fight, two of the best-known referees give us their reminiscences. Both are men whose word 'goes' in boxing circles, both have had amusing as well as adventurous moments, and, as was to be expected, neither of them has much fault to find with things as they are managed in and about the ring, at any rate in this country. It remains, indeed, for Mr. Bohun Lynch, who introduces Mr. Palmer's book, to draw attention to the one modern anomaly about a magnificent sport — the ridiculously large sums that are involved.

Most professional boxers are the best of sportsmen. They may have their little tricks, generally imported from abroad, but they try to fight fair. Yet Mr. Lynch asserts — and one wonders whether either Mr. Corri, who is perhaps the most popular referee in the world, or Mr. Palmer, whose good work has been recognized abroad as well as at home, would be willing to contradict him — that in one of the big 'commercialized' fights, when hundreds of thousands of pounds may change hands, the 'strict' referee is not wanted. People do not pay their guineas for fifteen seconds' fighting, the film magnates naturally demand something for their money, and so, while absolute impartiality can be and is maintained, the 'show' becomes more important than the 'sport.' True, boxing is not alone in this respect, but if there is one form of sport which should demand strictness from the umpire it is surely boxing.

Turning to the books themselves, the reader will find himself in the most amiable company. Champions may be of all sorts and kinds, but in general they are very good fellows. Mr. Corri is no hero worshiper, but gives praise where praise is due. He can laugh good-humoredly at little foibles, and makes the most of his yarns. It is interesting to find him putting on record his opinion of the one and only John Hopley. It used to be said — by amateurs — that the Old Harrovian could have become world's champion had he cared to enter the lists. The professionals only smiled. Mr. Corri, however, tells us that during the war so mighty a man as Bombardier Wells had a spar with Hopley, and admitted that he had never been hit so hard in his life. Incidentally, many people may be surprised to read in his book Tunney's description of the grueling he received in the Dempsey fight. It was very generally believed in this country that there had been only one man in the gruesome affair.

The book is packed full of intimate pictures, and Mr. Corri may rest assured that he has given all lovers of boxing a first-class entertainment. Much the same, too, may be said of Mr. Palmer's equally racy chapters. He, perhaps, has enjoyed an even more extensive and peculiar experience of the Ring — which has not, by the way, always been his only love. His most dramatic evening must have been that at Olympia in 1922, when Kid Lewis was unwise enough to take his eyes for a moment from Carpentier. There was much talk at the time of an unfair blow, but never a doubt as to Mr. Palmer's decision.

Tinker's Leave, by Maurice Baring. London: Heinemann, 1927. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Daily Telegraph*]

The most interesting feature in Mr. Maurice Baring's books is apt to be Mr. Maurice Baring himself; his personality is of that engaging and penetrating kind which works its way through the fabric of the fic-

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tion, and establishes an intimate and inalienable association between writer and reader. This is the case even when Mr. Baring is occupied with the most detached sort of novel; it is more particularly the case in *Tinker's Leave*, which, while it is certainly a little bit of a novel, is also a great deal more of various sorts of literature. 'What has the book turned out to be?' its own author asks. 'What is it? A novel? A book of travel? An argument? A picture of manners?' It is indeed something of all these; but its author decides finally to regard it as 'a record of impressions received in Russia and Manchuria, in war time, and transposed into a fantasy.' The impressions are threaded, as it were, upon a line of narrative, and, though the narrative is full of character and dramatic movement, it is the impressions that remain most vividly in the memory, together with the revelation which they afford of Mr. Baring's own impressionable and chameleonic temperament.

The period is that of the Russo-Japanese War, and the impressions gathered are seen through the eyes and brain of a young Englishman, who, by a curious turn of luck, finds himself attached as official photographer to the representative of an American magazine at the front. This young fellow, Miles Consterdine, comes first under our notice as a peculiarly simple and unsophisticated youth, who has lived into his twenty-seventh year without seeing anything of the world. He has inherited a partnership in a wine business, lives with his aunt in Regent's Park, and spends his holidays at the family home in Norfolk. Then one Eastertide he pays his first visit to Paris, and has the misfortune in a fashionable restaurant to fire his soda-water siphon over the trousers of an old Russian gentleman at the next table. The introduction thus inaugurated by an apology is at once feverishly cemented by the voluble ladies of the Russian party, and before he knows properly whom he is with Miles finds himself committed to start for the East, in company with a young man of Russian birth and questionable reputation, who is joining the combatants as quickly as possible, with a heart for any fate. So Miles is soon, not only in the thick of battle, but also in the whirlpool of a storm of contending ideas and emotions. The eager circle in which he is involved talks incessantly of art and life, of death and immortality, of Catholic and Protestant dogma, of poetry and prose, and, above all, of the irresistible charm of Russia, which, when it has once been experienced, can never be quite forgotten. He falls in love also, but never declares himself, and so is saved from the chagrin of refusal from a woman who has always been in love with his friend. He buys a house and estate, and loses it by fire as soon as it is bought; everything in his expedition is apparently a failure, yet in the end he is certain that it was all worth while. For he has enjoyed 'Tinker's Leave' (as Autolycus sang) to live for a little while in the atmosphere of freedom, so that in the memory of that interval of liberty he can go back resigned to a lifetime's servitude. There is a deep significance underlying the incidents of Miles's Odyssey, and in its unraveling the personality of the author reveals yet once more, and to a very various advantage, its pervading subtlety and charm.

A Florentine Diary, by Luca Landucci. Translated by Alice de Rosen Jervis. London: Dent, 1927. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Observer*]

THIS curious book gives us glimpses from the Florence of Savonarola and Michelangelo and Pope Leo X — glimpses very necessary to the historian, though rather one-sided in their gloom. Not that Landucci is a specially one-sided person, but that the informal entries in this diary necessarily reflect the less heroic side of Florentine life. Naturally, what concerns him most is when his own shop is burned down, or when food is at famine price, or when the soldiery pillage at his farm or in the streets of Florence. Next to these intimately personal things, he is interested in the wars around, always very near to Florence, though seldom touching the city itself. Indeed, the book may be strongly commended to those modern writers who tell us that wars are due to nationalism, and that nationalism is a post-reformation phenomenon.

The diary proper covers half a century; and a far larger proportion is devoted to notices of war than would be probable in an

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English, French, German, or Italian diary of the last fifty years. We should gather from it, as from other sources, that in fifteenth-century Italy, as in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, a far greater percentage of the population must have been killed or mutilated than in the Europe of this twentieth century. Moreover, the bestialities of war were proportionately worse. Italian women and children suffered then far more than in the worst days of our century. Again, the most abominable tortures took place under form of law, and a similar spirit animated domestic politics. The winning side commonly murdered its opponents, and often without trial; thus the process was infinite, since each party had blood to avenge. The evil was not essentially modified by the fact that the groups were then so small — that there was, for instance, a Florentine nationalism spread over only a few thousand square miles of territory, and a Pisan nationalism spread over a still smaller contiguous area. A contemporary reports how every Florentine was ready to sell his last shirt rather than fail in the subjugation of Pisa; and Landucci tells us how a starving Pisan woman refused to eat bread that had come from the victorious Florentines. In these wars the Popes were more concerned than many other princes, and Landucci, who otherwise treats the existence of papal bastards with supreme unconcern, is bitterly eloquent of the devastations and cruelties committed by one of them — Cesare Borgia.

Of far greater interest than the wars, and almost equally painful, are the glimpses we here get of Savonarola and his work. Landucci was an average orthodox religious man; and, in his apothecary's shop, he had every opportunity of hearing both news and comments; therefore his diary fulfills, in a rudimentary form, the functions of the modern newspaper. He had no doubt of Savonarola's divine mission until the papal condemnation came; he admired the preacher's courage and eloquence, and we see as clearly here as from other sources that Savonarola, when allowance is made for inevitable exaggerations, represented the true feeling of the respectable middle class, who recognized him as the champion of Christian morality against pagan license.

A great deal of this diary is naturally very commonplace; but it is full of touches significant for social history, of which a few specimens must suffice. When Michelangelo's colossal David was first set up in the public square, it was necessary to guard the masterpiece from stones wantonly thrown at it, just as the boys of three centuries earlier — Salimbene tells us — had been accustomed to throw stones at the church sculptures at Parma. Landucci is much interested in art, in ecclesiastical miracles, and in natural prodigies — gold and silver caterpillars with human faces and crowns and halos; a baby born with bat's wings and an eye on its right knee and an eagle on the left foot; a pair of Siamese twins; and so forth.

Maids of Honor, by Lewis Melville. London: Hutchinson, 1927. *21s.*

[*The Bookman*]

It is a company of seventeen ladies of the eighteenth century that Mr. Lewis Melville has brought together in the latest of his gossip volumes concerning the Hanoverian dynasty in England, the pleasant title within which he has comprehended them being one that sufficiently suggests the character of the whole bevy, though it might seem in some instances even a bipartite misnomer if applied particularly to each of the individuals. We begin, indeed, with a presentation of Caroline of Anspach, — an employer, as it might be put in modern parlance, rather than one of the employees implied in the title, — and then pass on to that Miss Hobart who became the Honorable Mrs. Howard, a mistress of George II, and Countess of Suffolk. Thereafter we have a succession of variedly charming women who were attached to the royal Courts from the coming of the first of the Georges to the time of the third — women who include Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (what would the eighteenth century be, wanting her?); 'the beautiful Molly Lepell'; Mary Bellenden, the most agreeable, the most insinuating, and the most likable woman of her time; that Lady Catherine Hyde, afterward Duchess of Queensberry, who lives on as 'Prior's Kitty, ever young'; and many others, ending with a consideration of the apocryphal story of the elusive

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Quakeress, Hannah Lightfoot — who has not even nominal title to inclusion *dans cette galère.*

It is a curious fact that a goodly proportion of the 'maids of honor' whose stories Mr. Lewis Melville has here summarized in a lively and interesting fashion owe their chief attraction, to most readers, not to their having been attached to the Court during a period of particular 'stuffiness' in our Court annals, but to their association with literature and literary men. They are as it were butterflies preserved in the amber of literature. It is Pope and Swift, Walpole and Sterne, Gay and others, association with whom makes most of these women live subjects to-day.

Mr. Melville appears to have recognized something of this importance of literary association as a preservative of interest in the ladies who had their varied duties to perform in attendance on the early Hanoverian princesses and queens, and gives us anecdote and pertinent passage, ballad and epigram, in evidence thereof. Many readers will feel grateful to him for bringing within the compass of a single volume the stories of so many women of importance in their day — parleyings with whom in his pages afford much pleasant entertainment.

Survey of International Affairs. Vol. I. The Islamic World Since the Peace Settlement, by Professor Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford: The University Press, 1927. 25*s.* net.

[*Daily Telegraph*]

A SERVICE to students of Islam has been rendered by Professor Toynbee, for his study of the course of events in the Near and Middle East during the last nine years has no exact parallel in Oriental literature. Islam since the Peace Conference has experienced tempestuous times. The Ottoman Caliphate was abolished in 1924; the Qajar dynasty in Persia was deposed in 1925; Sultan Ibn Saud mastered the Hejaz; there was the revolution in Syria, the war in Morocco, and the constitutional struggle in Egypt. All these movements intimately affected the British Empire, and more so, perhaps, than is generally imagined. Islam was again taking, as Professor Toynbee points out, an active instead of a passive rôle in history. There was, on one hand, the desire to throw off European ascendancy, and, on the other, the desire to adopt European methods wherever practicable. Russia in the struggle took the Asiatic side.

A most important fact, but one seldom kept in mind, is that, though outbreaks against European Powers were always quelled, it was often the rebel who benefited in the end. The Turks, defeated in the Great War, declared a 'war after the war,' refused a dictated peace, and negotiated a settlement on a footing of equality; the suppression of the Egyptian rising was followed by the Milner Report; the defeat of the Afghans brought about the renunciation by the British of control over Afghan foreign policy; the suppression of the Iraki rebellion in 1920 was followed by the translation of the mandate over Irak into an Anglo-Irak Treaty; while the successive defeats of Wahabi raiders by the Royal Air Force resulted in an extension of Ibn Saud's dominions. What, therefore, is one to conclude but that rebellion pays the rebel? Whether it pays the conqueror to make a habit of giving concessions is, however, another matter. Indeed, Britain, in the Middle East, has been accused by shrewd observers of pursuing a pro-Arab and not a pro-British policy.

BOOKS MENTIONED

GODDARD, E. H., and GIBBONS, P. A. *Civilisation or Civilisations.* An Essay in the Spenglerian Philosophy of History. London: Constable; New York: Boni and Liveright, 1926. $2.00.

KEYSERLING, COUNT HERMANN. *The World in the Making.* London: Cape; New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1927. $2.50.

LASKI, PROFESSOR H. J. *Communism.* Home University Library. London: Williams and Norgate, 1927. 2*s.* net.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

The Journal of Katherine Mansfield, edited by J. Middleton Murry. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1927. $3.50.

UNLIKE Marie Bashkirtseff's *Journal Intime,* which introduced the talented young painter to a world hitherto ignorant alike of her accomplishments and her existence, these intimate revelations of one of the most brilliant English writers of this generation come as a postscript to the work most of us have read and reread with growing admiration. Even if Katherine Mansfield were not already known to us as one of the new school of pictorial impressionistic fiction-writers, these last diaries, edited by her husband, John Middleton Murry, would reveal her as a rare and sensitive soul whose flame of life burned with an ardor of suffering known only to the few whose lives are keyed to the pitch of genius.

The *Journal* includes brief extracts from Katherine Mansfield's personal diaries between the time of her return to England from New Zealand in 1910 and the time of her death in 1923 at Fontainebleau, where she had gone to seek the regeneration which her suffering soul, and pain-racked body, craved. Here, after years of struggle against acute tuberculosis and heart disease, her tortured spirit found the peace which enabled her to write in her journal a last message of consolation to her husband: 'I feel happy — deep down. All is well.'

Among the personal revelations and flashes of insight, we find scattered through the *Journal* various word-pictures to be used in the stories that were always struggling to find expression at a time when the physical effort of writing seemed more than her failing strength could endure. Always these pictures present truth unadorned by fine writing, and decorated by no flowery phrase, but merely introduced with the *mot juste.* Katherine Mansfield belongs to no school, unless it be one of her own founding, in which realism exists side by side with poetry, and truth includes the beautiful as well as the ugly.

No one who has read this brilliant young woman's stories can fail to feel curiosity concerning Katherine Mansfield herself, and this interest is amply rewarded by the personal revelations in the frank, and yet restrained, pages of her journal.

On Love, by Stendhal. Translated by H. B. V. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1927. $2.50.

'THIS book explains simply, rationally, mathematically, as it were, the different emotions which follow one after the other and which taken all together are called the passion of Love.' At least, that is the author's claim for it in a defiant preface written in 1826. He was attempting more than one hundred years ago a psychological study of the phenomena of love. This was presuming of him in those crude, unscientific days; and he is only justified by the success of his effort, attributable no doubt to the fact that as a Frenchman he had a peculiar interest in and understanding of his subject.

There is a short chapter devoted to love in the United States, which will be of interest to Americans. He says of us: 'There is a physical gayety of youth which soon passes with the warmth of the blood and which is over at the age of twenty-five; but they lack the passions that make one enjoy life. . . . Their whole attention seems to be taken up with ordering their lives in a rational way and in avoiding discomfort; when at last they reach the moment of gathering the fruit of so much care and of such long-sustained habits of orderliness they have no life left for enjoyment. . . . I admire this happiness, but I do not envy it: it is like the happiness of creatures of another and lower species.'

You could not ask for a keener criticism

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of the faults of the Yankee character. Now that the war has deprived the few remaining Yankees of their sanity, the statement must find its support in the middle and northwestern portions of the country. Besides being a compendium of the sort of wisdom rarely communicated by anything but experience, the book is one more evidence that the word 'modern' is nonsense.

The Chronicles of Clovis, by 'Saki' (H. H. Munro). New York: The Viking Press, 1927. $1.50.

'SAKI' is sparkling Burgundy, but, like choice wine, he should not be served to the casual guest. In his brilliant and sophisticated short stories we find those epigrams which we are tempted to plagiarize and repeat as original witticisms. For example, after the recent presidential visit to South Dakota and the concomitant Wild West publicity, how appropriate became the quotation, 'Conscience doth make cowboys of us all.'

True, Mr. Munro may not write a finished *conte,* as A. A. Milne tells us in his delightful introduction; but we can overlook these failings. Clovis romps through these short narratives like a young scamp; he is Peck's Bad Boy grown up, wearing a cane and spats, and thoroughly enjoying life despite his sophistication. We recommend 'Mrs. Packletide's Tiger,' a sparkling gem; 'Esmé,' for its amusing dialogue; and 'The Un-Rest Cure,' because it is so typical of the clever Clovis. If the reader has not become a 'Saki' addict after these three narratives, we suggest that he give the volume to one of his more intellectual friends.

The Mob, by Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. Translated by Mariano Joaquin Lorente. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1927. $2.50.

READERS of *Mare Nostrum* and *The Four Horsemen* will find in this book a different Ibáñez — an Ibáñez relieved of the obsessions of war and the necessity for martial heroism. *The Mob* concerns itself with the horde of poverty-stricken underlings who inhabit the slums of Madrid and its outskirts. Squabbling ragpickers, pilfering gypsies, struggling artisans, and professional poachers move about in their ordinary mode of life, with a philosophy of their own. Only transformed echoes of political disputes penetrate to disturb the course of events.

Against this setting, the Spanish realist has presented the story of Isidro Maltrana, a young hack-writer upon whom, although himself a product of the mob, chance has conferred a liberal education. He works occasionally, he makes contacts among the upper classes, he loves, he sinks into abject poverty, he experiences the joys of fatherhood, he achieves a modicum of success.

In all this there is none of the heroic, little of the dramatic. It is realism of the variety of the author's French prototype, Zola, but it falls short of the subjective intensity of *Germinal.* The novel is, however, a powerful picture of the oppressed masses of Madrid, and represents Ibáñez at his best.

In the Beginning, by Alan Sullivan. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1927. $2.00.

ANYONE who has enjoyed *The Lost World,* by Conan Doyle, so much that he can forgive Mr. Sullivan for dealing with a similar theme should enjoy this fantastic story. An English scientist, accompanied by his daughter and her two rival suitors, sets forth for a part of Patagonia where he hears that prehistoric life can still be found. Unfortunately it is more difficult to accept the oddly assorted party than it is to believe that primitive life survives behind an almost impenetrable wall of cactus, and our chief complaint against Mr. Sullivan would be that he has not taken sufficient pains over the simple mechanics of his story. Once the quest has begun, however, a series of strange, exciting incidents holds our attention until the tale is told.

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DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

I NEVER worry. — *Stanley Baldwin*

* * *

Education is a movement which should be discouraged among countries seeking high birth-rates. — *Professor A. M. Carr-Saunders*

* * *

In England we do not think education is worth while. — *Sir Daniel Hall*

* * *

The tendency of culture in our time is, and will probably continue to be, toward science and away from art and literature.

— *Bertrand Russell*

* * *

The myth that the Shanghai parks have a notice reading, 'Chinese and dogs not admitted,' has been finally dissolved by the United Press correspondent, who has been round and inspected them all. According to him the notices read: 'This Park is for Foreigners only. Dogs are not permitted within.' This makes it quite clear that foreigners are not dogs, but leaves the classification of nonforeigners a little doubtful. Women used to object at one time to being classed with insane persons as ineligible for the vote. — *Japan Weekly Chronicle*

* * *

Englishmen could probably secure the defeat of any candidate for the presidency of the United States, whether Republican or Democrat, by convincing the American people that we desired his election, and thus getting him tarred with the 'pro-British' brush. — *The National Review*

* * *

Greatly daring, a learned professor — who, by the way, owns the ironic name of Valentine — has been denying to woman the possession of those intuitive powers which all human experience has hitherto allowed her. He maintains that though woman's reasoning faculty is lower than man's, she has not, as the world gladly believed, any special capacity for jumping to right conclusions. With all respect to Professor Valentine and his researches, we venture to differ from him. This is an affair in which the world judges safely. . . . Woman, by reason of being more elemental than man, has preserved more fully those instincts which he has lost in the process of civilization and which savages and animals retain. The experiments which the Professor has conducted are negligible in contrast with the daily experience of every man. If women are so often deceived, it is not their intuition that is at fault; it is their emotion that is the disturbing factor, and that reduces them to the mood of wishing to be deceived. They cherish illusions long after they have realized that they are illusions.

— *Morning Post*

* * *

People still think that women with engineering minds are queer, but they are not.

— *Miss C. Haslett*

* * *

Novels are always good in the opinions of their originators, just as parents, to other people's amazement, find beauties in their children not readily perceived by the general public.

— *Mrs. F. E. Mills Young*

* * *

Modern children are delightful, but their lack of general information is deplorable.

— *Miss Sydney Fairbrother*

* * *

The Celestial, possessing neither the virile qualities of truth, courage, nor capacity, seeks refuge in the contemptible cesspool of circumlocution, whither the fool foreigner is stupid enough to follow him, and where he immediately finds himself choked with the miasma of this myriad-headed poultry run that is foul and sour with the uncleanliness of centuries. — *W. Bruce Lockhart, in the 'North China Herald'*

* * *

Resignation is the disease of which civilizations die. — *Dean Inge*

* * *

A man is influenced in the treatment of his friends by public opinion. A woman sticks to hers whatever other people say. — *Mrs. Rosita Forbes*

* * *

I really believe that fear of the censure of friends is responsible for a large proportion of the square pegs in round holes.

— *Miss Jeanne de Casalis*

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